THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MAY, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

An Author's Grievance

In the modern relations between the author and the publisher there are other points of contention besides the question of the division of the spoils. While there are, of course, exceptions, the general rule is that no author ever thinks that a publisher has done enough for his book, while every publisher cherishes a sneaking conviction that he has done too much. The high-water mark of protest was reached the other day. A certain author's book was published by a well-known firm who "pushed it hard." The result, however, was very disappointing to the author. He wrote the firm that he was very much dissatisfied and went on to say, "if your firm had published the Bible there would have been no Christian religion."

Two Literary Mysteries

A very interesting book of its kind is *A Manual of American Literature,* written by Mr. Theodore Stanton in collaboration with several professors in Cornell University. This work is in reality one of the so-called "memorial volumes" included in the long famous Tauchnitz Collection. As Mr. Stanton explains in his preface, the Tauchnitz collection began to appear in 1841, when the late Baron Tauchnitz first issued a reprint of several British and American authors for the benefit of English-reading travellers upon the Continent. Goodness knows how many of our own dull days have been illumined and beguiled in dreary little French and German and Italian inns by the paper-covered treasures which came from the press of Baron Tauchnitz! The weather might be rainy and the inn's best bedroom might be stuffy, and the table d'hôte might leave almost everything to be desired; yet one of these small Tauchnitz volumes and a package of cigarettes would make us oblivious of everything save the delightfully misprinted pages set up by German compositors whose knowledge of English was not very much helped by the efforts of a Teutonic proof-reader. It always rather irritated us to have the series known as a "Collection of *British* Authors," since even as early as 1843, Cooper and Irving had gained admittance to the list, while now the volumes by American authors number several hundred. However, Baron Tauchnitz the Second is trying to propitiate American readers by publishing the present volume which Mr. Stanton has prepared, and by including it in the general series, though it is also reprinted in this country by the Messrs. Putnam.

The book is not exactly a history of American literature, but rather a general account of American men of letters. Parts of it are so crowded with names as to be little more than catalogues; but on the whole, with its full index, it is a very useful compendium for reference. On page 212, we find something that interests us extremely. It is a paragraph which has to do with two anonymous novels. One of them is *Democracy* (1880), of which Mr. Stanton says that the author-

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ship "has hitherto baffled the critics, and which the present writer can now announce definitely to have been the work of the historian, Henry Adams." It may seem odd, but we still should like to have Mr. Stanton give his authority for his statement. In parts of *Democracy*—those which delineate the character and personality of Silas P. Ratcliffe, the uncouth "Peoria Giant," with his ignorance of social forms, his blunted political morality, and at the same time his undoubted mental and physical power, we can perhaps detect something which might have come from the hand of Mr. Adams. Ratcliffe is a curious blend of Stephen A. Douglas, Oliver P. Morton and Simon Cameron, and the character is well and shrewdly drawn. Very good also is the unflattering portrait of the incoming President, whom his supporters call "Old Granite" and his enemies "Old Granny," while his wife always speaks of him by his Christian name as "Jacob." Clever, too, is the sketch of the wicked old Bulgarian diplomat, Baron Jacobi, who maliciously crosses the path of Ratcliffe. The author of the book himself was undoubtedly malicious and took a malicious view of social and political life as it was in 1880. So far Mr. Adams might have written the book; but we doubt whether he would have made all his attractive people Southerners, relegating the New England element to the category of insipid, nerveless ninnies. The authorship of the book, which made a sensation twenty-nine years ago, has often been ascribed to Mrs. Burton Harrison. She would undoubtedly have made the attractive people Southern, but she could not have written the rest of the novel, which really rises to a high level of corroding irony.

In the same paragraph Mr. Stanton makes the following remarks about John Hay and the book which has been for a long time credited to his pen.

> John Hay, lawyer, journalist, diplomatist, and statesmen, was the author of a single novel, and his connection with that has been, up to the appearance of the present volume, only a conjecture. Prudence, however, obviously required that *The Bread-Winners* (1883) should appear anonymously. As a politician, and as acting editor of the *Tribune,* Mr. Hay did not then wish to avow himself the author of a "frivolous novel"; besides, in the story he had spoken rather plainly about strikes and labour troubles. The story itself is well written, natural and for the most part true to life. Of the two love scenes, the proposal of Maud Matchin is more convincing than is Farnham's to Alice Belding. The plot is well worked out; our interest in the story for itself almost never flags.

So far Mr. Stanton. There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Hay was the author of *The Broad-Winners,* though there have been many claimants for the honour, such as it is. Mr. Hay never denied writing the book; and after his death the members of his family practically allowed the statement to be made that he had written it. Looking back upon the novel, however, after the interval of a quarter of a century, it does not seem to us to have justified the excitement which it caused at the time. It is only fairly good and is decidedly inferior to many socialistic and semi-political tales which have appeared since—notably those of Mr. William Allen White in *Strategems and Spoils.* It seems strange that at one time almost every one believed the author to have been Dr. Thomas Hunter of the New York Normal College. Just why Dr. Hunter was picked out as probably responsible for *The Bread-Winners,* no one was ever able to explain.

Mr. Cleveland

Beyond calling attention to the accompanying illustration, there is really nothing to be said about Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's *Mr. Cleveland: A Personal Impression.* The book is just what the picture will suggest to the mind of the reader. It is very delicately dedicated "To the one who knew him best."

Still we cannot refrain from a brief allusion to those pages which describe Mr. Cleveland's attitude toward Princeton University. He took the affairs of the little academic world very seriously,

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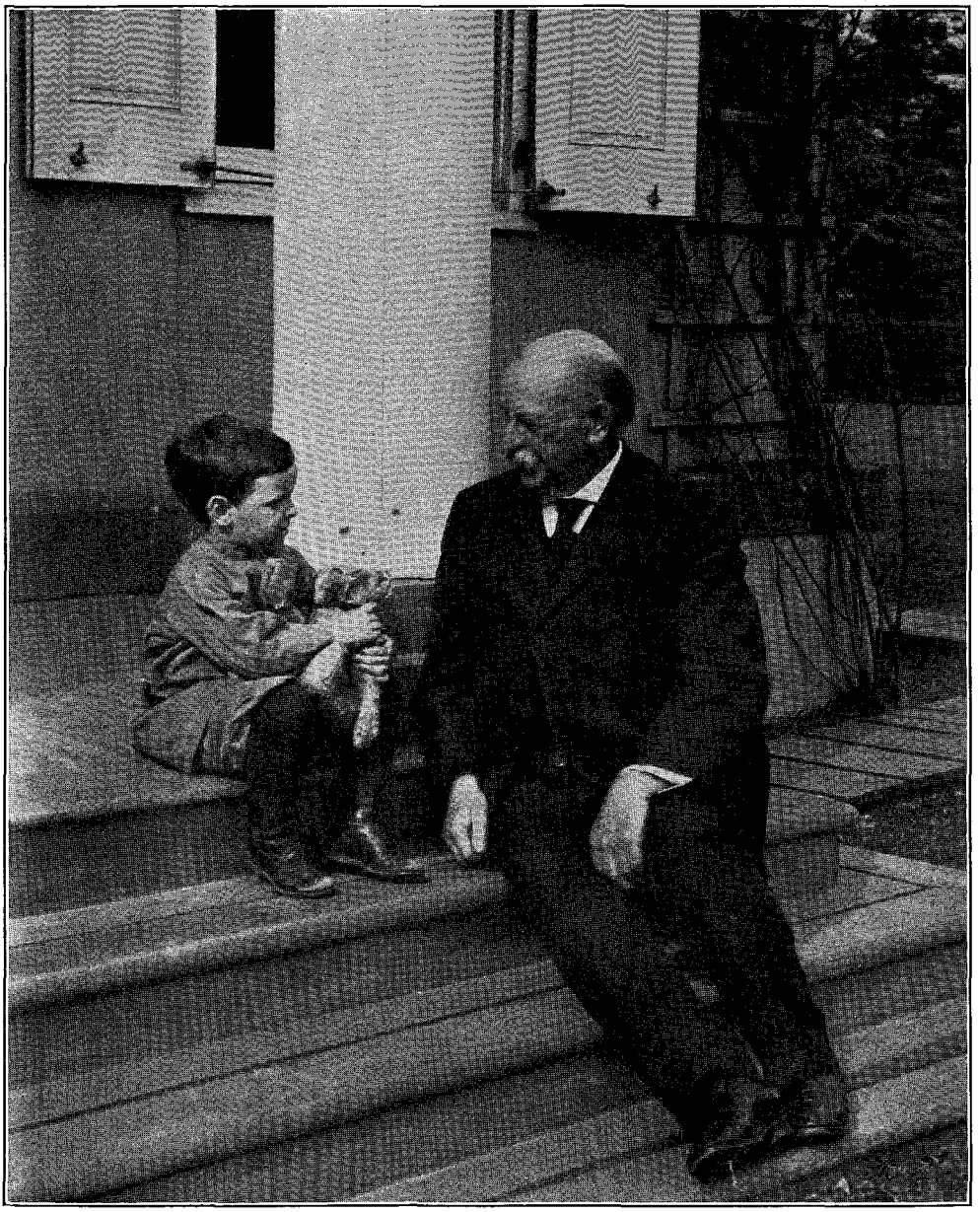

MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS SON FRANCIS

Mr. Williams tells us, even to wanting Princeton to win every time in athletics. He really seemed to think himself highly honoured when asked to serve on the Board of Trustees, but did not enjoy being treated differently from "the rest of the boys," as he called his fellow-members of the Board. At the Commencement exercises the president of the university used to seat Mr. Cleveland (looking gently resigned) at the right of the University throne—an ornate baldachino, which the unappreciative undergraduates term "the buggy." "I stuck it out while Patton was there," Mr. Cleveland remarked one day in his whimsically plain-

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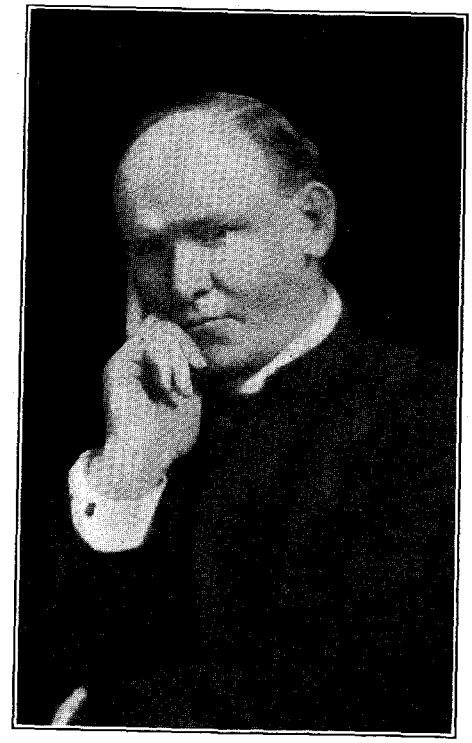
THOMAS MILLARD
Author of *America and the Far Eastern Question*

WILLIAM BRADLEY OTIS
Author of *American Verse* 1625-1807

J. C. SNAITH
Author of *Araminta*



SAMUEL M'COMB
Co-author of *Religion and Medicine*

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Photograph by Hana, London

ANNE WARNER

tive voice; "but when Wilson came in I struck. I told him I wasn't going to do that any more—I wanted to sit with the rest of the boys," and he did thereafter.

❧

Anne Warner

Anne Warner, whose book *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary* has been so popular both as a story and on the stage, began her literary career in 1901, and has since had nine books published, including three dealing with the experiences of "Susan Clegg." Anne Warner's home was in St. Paul, Minn., until she took up her residence in Germany, where her little daughter is being educated. She is a most prolific writer of short stories, and seldom does a month go by without two or three of her tales appearing in the magazines. Her collection of short stories published last autumn, entitled *An Original Gentleman,* is now in its fifth edition. Her new book published this spring is called *In a Mysterious Way.*

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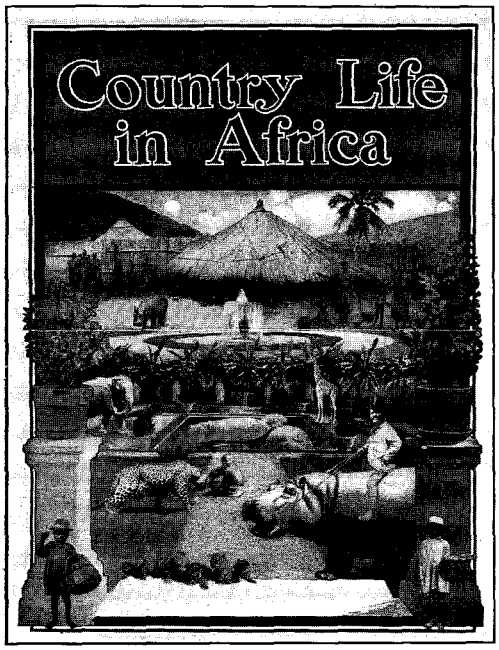

Advance Proofs from Africa

A few days before the new Contributing Editor of the *Outlook* departed for Africa for the purpose of equalling (perhaps even surpassing, who knows?) the exploits of the intrepid Tartarin of Tarascon, a breakfast was given to him by Mr. Robert Collier at which were present a number of men of conspicuous prominence in the publishing and magazine world. The souvenir of the breakfast took the form of a little portfolio entitled "Advance Sheets From Africa," consisting of parodies of certain periodicals reproduced with typographical and artistic exactness. The parodies were the work of Mr. Wallace Irwin and are of such an unusual order of excellence that they deserve the widest possible circle of readers. The table of contents reads as follows:

On the Boat to Africa
By You Know Who

. . .

Editorials
Norman Hapgood

. . .

Editorial
Arthur Brisbane

Hesperian Prunes
Richard Watson Gilder

. . .

Dainty Hints for African Hunters
Edward K. Bok, Africa

. . .

How I Gave Some Sensible Advice to Theodore Roosevelt
Albert Shaw

. . .

Theodore, Tracer of Lost Animals
Robert W. Chambers

. . .

My First Day in Africa
Theodore Roosevelt

. . .

Country Life in Africa
Cover Design

. . .

Everybody's
Cover Design

. . .

Four Songs

Big Game Teddy, the Dynamite Drop

My Castle on the River Nile

Under the Bamboo Tree

There'll Be a Hot Time in the Jungle To-Night

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THE NEW YORK EVENING JUNGLE

NO. 282 TO 238 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

Special Despatch from Africa

By

ARTHUR BRISBANE

He thinks He's the Biggest Thing in Africa

But He Ain't

Nature is getting ready for a Party in Africa to-day. A man is just entering the Jungle. His teeth are savagely displayed, his hollow-ground hunting glasses are blood-shot with the lust for killing. Over his right shoulder he carries an explosive steel tube, made in London to suit his cruel tastes. This man thinks he is "hunting" tigers!!

Wouldn't you think a great grown-up Statesman with a full set of teeth would KNOW better than that?

Wouldn't you THINK he would?

Wouldn't it JAR you!!!

This strutting biped with his $47 killing-iron thinks he is the Lord of Creation. He imagines the fan-palms are waving their broad leaves to keep him cool. He thinks all the black tribes of Zulus and Ashantis along Zambezi Creek feel grateful to him, simply because he once entertained Booker T. Washington to Lunch. He dreams these vain dreams because he does not KNOW.

He does not KNOW that the VERY MONKEYS in the TREE-TOPS, his remote ancestors, are GIVING HIM THE COCOANUT LAUGH!

He does not KNOW that Africa still remembers the Brownsville affair, that the Jungle is full of his enemies, that even the lady-ostriches are laying for him.

HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT, AT THE VERY MOMENT HE STRUTS SO MAJESTICALLY THROUGH THE FOREST, A FURTIVE-EYED, BENCH-LEGGED, SPIKE-TOOTHED, ROYAL BENGAL TIGER IS "HUNTING" HIM.

If you should tell Mr. Roosevelt that Royal Bengal Tigers are to be found in that part of Africa he would doubtless call you a Nature Faker.

That is where the tiger has the better of Mr. Roosevelt. When he sees the tiger he will not believe it, and the sensible beast can thus enjoy a square meal while Mr. Roosevelt is still unconvinced.

If "A square deal for every man" is a good motto,

Isn't "A square meal for every tiger" an equally righteous maxim?

And so
Mr. Roosevelt
is
eaten up,
because
he did not KNOW
so much
as the
TIGER.

He did not KNOW
the
tiger was
there,
BUT
THE
TIGER
WAS
DEAD
SURE
OF
IT!!!!

But hold on, ignorant reader—don't think the Tiger's troubles are over when he catches Mr. Roosevelt. When a Tiger starts to gnaw Teddy he finds he has tackled a pretty serious food-problem. The savage brute might Swallow him Whole, but it would take a super-brute of a Tiger to FLETCHERIZE SUCH A MORSEL.

And after eating, that Tiger will depart in a considerably saddened condition, carrying around a PERMANENT LUMP IN HIS INTERIOR ECONOMY.

And that is where Teddy got it on the Tiger The Tiger did not KNOW what he was eating, but Teddy was DEAD SURE OF IT!!!

We reproduce the editorial column of the New York *Evening Jungle* with regret that a reproduction of the full page, with its comic pictures and its advice from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is not quite feasible. Of the parody of the Brisbane editorial we say unhesitatingly that it is by far the best parody of a widely parodied writer. Mr. Bok's page of hints for African hunters is another gem. He points out with great justice that many dainty hunters, used to cosy homes and refined surroundings, have objected to a certain air of disorder and untidiness found in almost every jungle. This, he maintains, is entirely unnecessary. A deft, homelike touch here and there will convert the wildest jungle into a thing of beauty and delight.

In camping for the night, hunting parties should choose a spot where the colours of the vegetation harmonise with their hunting costumes. A sheath-knife that can be turned into a manicure set will be found convenient. Many of our most fastidious hunters are now loading their rifles with sachet powder. Violet, heliotrope, and white rose may be bought by the pound or in 5, 10 and 25c. packets.

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The Outlook

MARCH 13, 1909

PUBLISHED BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK. CHICAGO OFFICE, MARQUETTE BLDG. LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

On the Boat to Africa

(Editorial written in haste for The Outlook)

By You Know Who

NOW that we are on the boat with Africa in front of us and America behind us, we are wondering if it would not be just about as pleasant to edit The Outlook from Mt. Kilima-Njaro as from a New York office. Much as we admire wild animals, we hate to be in a cage ourself. And an editor has an awful time, there's no getting around that. It is hard enough, heaven knows, to be a Great President—but to be a Great Editor! Has there ever been a Great editor? Horace Greeley had his flashes; but he had no sustained illumination. Benjamin Franklin wasted his time discovering electricity when he might have discovered the circulation of the Saturday Evening Post. Who, then, might we call a Great editor? Julius Caesar,

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In answer to a query from Miss Tillie Titwillow, of Peoria, Illinois, Mr. Bok concludes: "No, Tillie, antelopes should not be eaten with a spoon. You are doubtless thinking of canteloupes."

Harland and Beardsley

The publication this month of Henry Harland's last book sharpens the sense of loss that came with the news of his death last year. To his memory Mr. Henry James pays a happy tribute in the preface to the latest volume (the fifteenth) of the New York edition of Mr. James's fictions. The stories in this volume recall one of the most entertaining episodes in Mr. Harland's life—his association with that curious and short-lived periodical, *The Yellow Book*. It was in this quarterly that *The Death of the Lion* and *The Coxon Fund* and *The Next Time* first appeared, and Mr. James recalls the circumstances of his contribution with evident fondness.

What omen could be happier, for instance, than that this infant *recueil,* joyously christened even before reaching the cradle, should take the name of *The Yellow Book?*—which so certainly would command for it the liveliest attention. . . . The project, modestly and a little vaguely but all communicatively set forth, amused me, charmed me, on the spot—or at least the touchingly convinced and inflamed projector did. It was the happy fortune of the late Henry Harland to charge everything he touched, whether in life or in literature, with that influence—an effect by which he was always himself the first to profit. If he came to me, about *The Yellow Book,* amused, he pursued the enterprise under the same hilarious star; its difficulties no less than its felicities excited, in the event, his mirth; and he was never more amused (nor, I may certainly add, more amusing) than when, after no very prolonged career, it encountered suddenly and all distressfully its term.

HESPERIAN PRUNES*

By

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WHO goeth thus beneath the Afric moon
Clad in loose loops, suggesting Afrodite,
Through the deep dells where tropic ferns festoon—
Is it a Demon in a misfit "nighty"?
See how those convex carriage-lamps out-flash,
See his tense finger taut upon the trigger,
See how he lifts his dreadful rifle—CRASH!!
What did he bag, a lion or a nigger?

Wo to the Poet who, the World o'er tried,
To Afric fares for classic nymphs and satyrs,
Hunting Hesperian prunes without a guide;
Ah, Dead Sea fruit for his and cold potaters!
In garret or in cellar or on roof
A bard, perhaps, might ask a Muse from Hades:
But where a Poet needs a bullet-proof,
It's no fit lodgings to invite the ladies!

Muse, I am going back to Union Square
To write my thoughts upon the office wafer—
An Inspiration in a swivel chair
Feels a bit cramped—but infinitely safer.
But where our Theodorus leads the van
There must Diana cease her wayward laughter—
Narcissus, duck thy nut, and woodland Pan,
Crawl in thy hole and pull the hole in after!

*(This poem, written for the *Century Magazine*, describes the emotions of an Unarmed Poet who, wandering through the Jungle at midnight, comes suddenly face to face with an ex-President who, quite naturally, mistakes him for a Lion.)

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Of Harland's associate in that joyous literary enterprise Mr. James's recollection is no less lively, and his view of Aubrey Beardsley as an "illustrator" of anything save his own fancies has a gently ironic touch that the artist's friends will be the first to appreciate.

This young man, slender, pale, delicate, unmistakably intelligent, somehow invested the whole proposition with a detached, a slightly ironic and melancholy grace. I had met him before, on a single occasion, and had seen an example or two of his so curious and so disconcerting talent—my appreciation of which seems to me, however, as I look back, to have stopped quite short. The young *recueil* was to have pictures, yes, and they were to be as often as possible from Beardsley's hand; but they were to wear this unprecedented distinction, and were to scatter it all about them, that they should have nothing to do with the text—which put the whole matter on an ideal basis. To those who remember the short string of numbers of *The Yellow Book* the spasmodic independence of these contributions will still be present. They were, as illustrations, related surely to nothing else in the same pages—save once or twice, as I imperfectly recall, to some literary effort of Beardsley's own that matched them in perversity.

Laughing as Though Her Heart Would Break

❦

Reverting to Henry Harland, whose posthumous novel *The Royal End* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Of late there seems to have been a revival of interest in his work in connection with *The Yellow Book*, which caused so much discussion fourteen or fifteen years ago. But the most picturesque period of his life was unquestionably between 1883 and 1886, when he was in the office of the Surrogate of New York. He had a book in mind, but his hours at the office fully occupied the day. Through one winter, therefore, he treated himself with Balzacian severity, going to bed immediately after dinner, rising at two o'clock in the morning, and fortified with black coffee, and with a wet towel bound round his head, writing until it was time for breakfast. The result of this labour was *As It Was Written*, which was published in 1885 under the pseudonym of Sidney Luska.

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Long before his position was conceded by the world at large Mr. James Huneker, whose new book, *The Egoists,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, was recognised by his fellow-newspapermen as one of the ablest, most acute, and most sympathetic of American critical writers. Mr. Huneker began as a journalist when he was fifteen years of

James Huneker

age and he has remained a journalist in the best sense ever since, a matter of some thirty-five years. At various times during this period he has devoted himself to other occupations and studies. Once he thought of entering the Roman Catholic priesthood, aspiring, as he himself expresses it, "to carry off the combined laurels of Bossuet and Franz Liszt. Men who fail at everything become bad critics. I am a bad music critic—I love music too much to tell the truth about the emotional fakehood of the art."

By birth Mr. Huneker is a Philadelphian. One of his grandfathers was an Irishman, a poet, and also vice-president of the Fenian Brotherhood sometime in the early seventies; the other a Hungarian and a musician. Intended for the Jesuits, the author of *The Egoists* studied law, went to Paris, there studied the piano with the late Theodore Ritter, returned to New York and continued his musical studies with Rafael Joseffy, at the same time earning his living as a newspaper writer. For a long time he was the musical critic of the old *Recorder* and was for five years associated with Harry Neagle in the conduct and writing of the daily dramatic paper called *The Prompter.* After leaving the *Recorder* he was two years with the *Morning Advertiser,* when that newspaper was under the editorship of Mr. Foster Coates. In 1887 he joined the staff of the *Musical Courier,* and in that journal wrote the columns signed "Raconteur." After leaving the *Musical Courier* he became the dramatic editor of the New York *Sun,* a position which he held for several years.

The most striking fact in connection with the seven books which Mr. Huneker has published is the range of interest which they illustrate. The syndicate known as Andrew Lang is popularly supposed to be omniscient in matters literary; and there are Continental critics, like Georg Brandes (to whom is dedicated *The Egoists*), who have surveyed the field of European culture, taking in the literatures of France, Germany, England, Italy, Russia, and the rest, as a whole. But the American critic, not content with a field as broad as the modern world, has pursued his subject into the third dimension. In one of his short stories he has satirised himself in the person of his hero as a man who wrote of one art in terms of another; actually, he has written of each of the arts in terms of all the others. Probably both heredity and education have contributed to this development. As a boy he had three great interests—music, painting, and literature—and before he was twenty he was in Paris, living the life of the student of those days. There he saw Flaubert, De

THE AMERICAN

REBUKE OF REBUKES

VOL. XXXIX. NEW YORK, MARCH, 1909. No. 3.

HOW I GAVE SOME SENSIBLE ADVICE TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY ALBERT SHAW

(Special African Correspondent for the *Rebuke of Rebukes*)

A Interview with Theodore Roosevelt

I have just conferred an interview upon Theodore Roosevelt at the foot of Mt. Kilima-Njaro. Fortunately I was able to correct several errors and to remind him of his lack of intelligence.

"It seems to me, Mr. Roosevelt," I began, "that any man who has been President of the United States for a term and three quarters ought to have experience enough to know that canned beans should not be carried on a hunting trip."

"Do you mean to infer——" began the distinguished tourist.

"That you do not know beans?" I interpolated. "To a certain extent, yes. Certainly you do not know canned beans. Now, before you go any further with this expedition, let me inform you on the subject of the flora and fauna of Africa."

"But——" began the ex-President.

"Don't interrupt, please," I said firmly. "Now, I see, you have in your kit of supplies a large number of rifles especially designed for hunting the African leopard. I am astonished at your ignorance. Every schoolboy—who reads the *Rebuke of Rebukes*—knows that the African leopard does not exist. The only species to be found in these parts is the *Mendax ordinarius*, no near-leopard, a short and ugly variety. Another serious mistake you have made——"

Mr. Roosevelt abruptly interrupts interview

Here Mr. Roosevelt somewhat abruptly interrupted my interview by raising his rifle and taking deliberate aim at a densely wooded spot in the brush from which glared two large and angry eyes. The rash Mr. Roosevelt would doubtless have fired and spoiled everything had I not taken his gun away from him.

"Don't do that!" I said. "Don't you realize that it is extremely dangerous to fire at a lion when he is coming at you? The only improved, enlightened and scientific way to kill a lion is to wait till he attacks you, then turn him around and break his back. Moreover, in facing a lion it is well to remain cool and collected. Think of some important subject. Think of the editorial section of the *Rebuke of Rebukes.* You have agreed with many of my policies during your administration, Mr. Roosevelt. I have always been grateful to you for the help you gave me in building the Panama Canal and in assisting me to carry out my naval program. But don't you realize——"

At this point the lion began to advance, lashing his tail and roaring loudly enough to completely spoil my interview. Annoyed by this I handed Mr. Roosevelt his gun.

"You may fire now, if you wish," I said.

A sharp flash from the rifle, an angry bellow, and the tawny brute fell to the ground dead. When I examined the corpse I found a bullet-hole directly between the eyes.

"Didn't I tell you never to shoot a lion in the face?" I inquired. "If you are unable to take the advice of those older and wiser than you, you had better give up trying to be a successful ex-President."

Saying which I turned sharply on my heel.

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JAMES HUNEKER

Goncourt, De Maupassant, Daudet, Swinburne, and frequented the cafés and studios of the Impressionists and all the other rebels and outlaws of art.

❧

Transatlantic

There are two or three backgrounds of modern life that have been comparatively neglected in fiction. For example, the boarding-house, the family hotel—essentially a feature of New York—and the first cabin of the great transatlantic liner. Upon the last-named phase of life Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett have occasionally touched, and Mr. Kipling gave a very vivid picture of a ship smoking-room in the beginning of *Captains Courageous,* besides summing up the somewhat contemptuous attitude of the "dour Scotch Engineer" in McAndrews's:

> Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
> Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?

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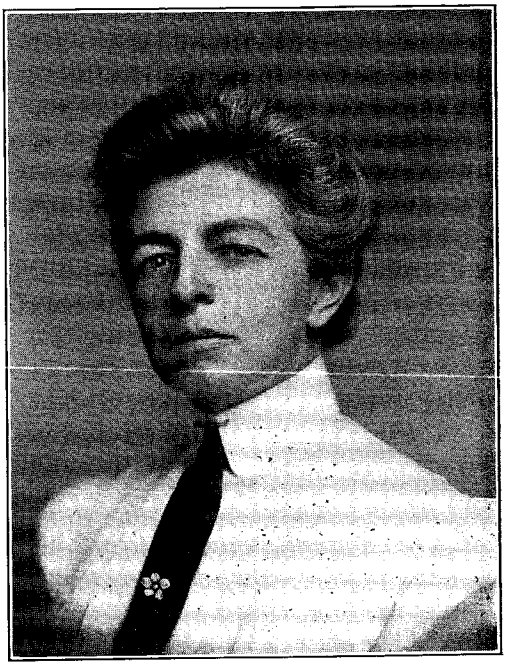
CARMELITA BECKWITH



ADELE MARIE SHAW

The authors of *The Lady of the Dynamos*

GERTRUDE KING

Author of *The Landlubbers*

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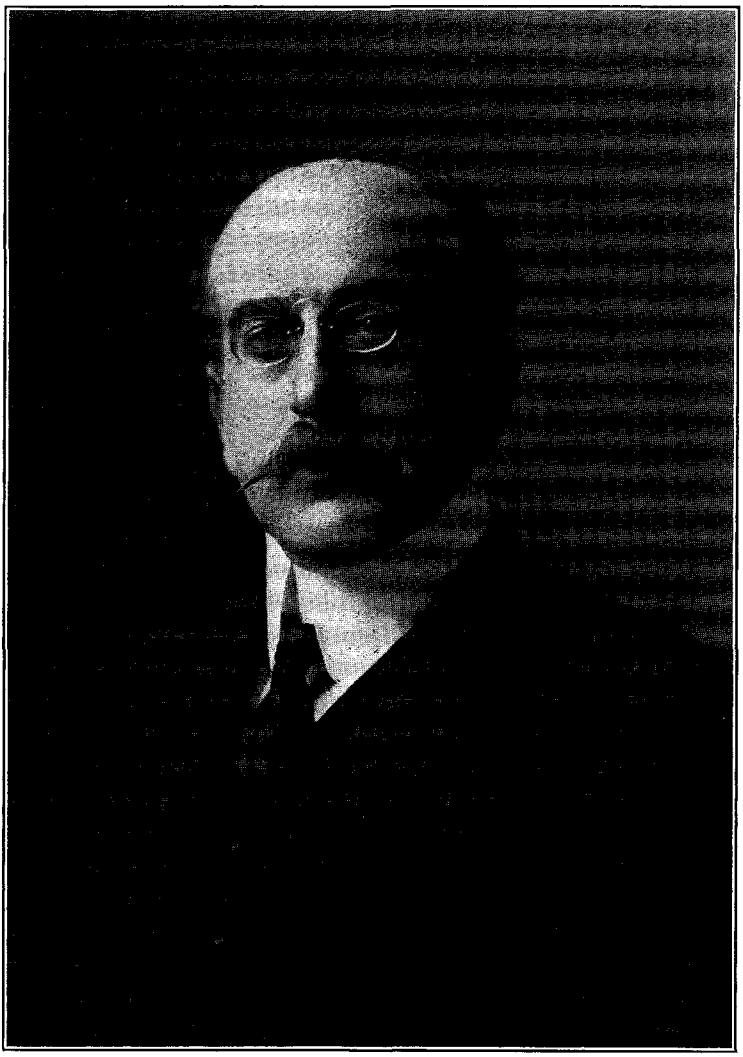
I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the loves and doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam.

Not exactly fiction, but still entirely thoroughly amusing from cover to cover, and under the fun there are keen observation and a very sound philosophy—the philosophy of a man who has been crossing the Atlantic yearly for a quarter of a century with his eyes open. Mr.



ALAN DALE

adequate and satisfactory, is Mr. Alan Dale's *The Great Wet Way,* which is about as timely a book as could be recommended as a companion for a steamer chair on a contemplated transatlantic voyage. While the humour is not humour of the highest order, the book is Dale complains that everybody seems to think that he is humorous, whereas he prefers being pathetic. This is a point upon which he fails to enlist our sympathy. *The Great Wet Way* discusses "The Queer Things We See," "The Room Mate," "Partaking of Nourish-

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ment," "Who's Who on Board," "Mal de Mer," "Children on Board," "Flirtations," "Patriotism," "Tipping," "Nervous Passengers," "The Concert" and "The Custom House"—a fairly complete list.

❧

A New Twist

When Thackeray was making his first visit to the United States he had occasion to travel one day from Boston to New York. The train boy, not knowing who he was, approached him with a hugh pile of "Thackeray's Novels." The

A GROUP AT PINEHURST. BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON IN THE CENTRE

humour of the situation appealed to the great man and he bought a copy of *A Shabby Genteel Story* and read it with a perfectly candid satisfaction. That episode of Thackeray and the train boy has been reproduced, we think, in several pictorial sketches. The situation has been used in connection with a great many authors since, and it has recently reappeared with a new twist with Mr. Booth Tarkington as the victim. According to this latest story Mr. Tarkington was approached one day by a train boy holding out a copy of *The Guest of Quesnay.* "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest book, sir."

"No! I am Booth Tarkington myself."

"Then buy a copy of *Three Weeks,*" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"

❧

Cheerfully Recommended

We have been glancing over *Peace and Happiness,* by Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock). In a literary note the publishers call attention to the fact that of the author's former work, *The Pleasures of Life,* nearly three hundred thousand copies have been sold. This being the case, there is hope for *Peace and Happiness.* We cheerfully recommend it as a genuine masterpiece of platitude.

❧

Victor Mapes

Victor Mapes, the author of *Partners Three,* is a nephew of the late Mary Mapes Dodge, the founder and lifelong editor of the *St. Nicholas Magazine.* He is now in his thirty-eighth year. At the age of thirteen he began his literary career by launching a monthly paper called *The Cricket.* He entered Columbia University in the class of '91, and there became editor-in-chief of the leading college publication, *The Spectator,* and the class-book annual, *The Columbian.* He also won a prize offered by the University magazine for the best short story written by a college student or graduate in any part of the country. At college, however, Mapes's prominence was less due to literary work than to his prowess as an athlete. He was a member of the 'varsity baseball team and president of the baseball association, intercollegiate champion and record holder in the running broad jump and college champion in the 100- and 220-yard dashes. He was three times elected president of his class, was valedictorian at the graduation exercises, and was president of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of all the colleges. Notwithstanding these various

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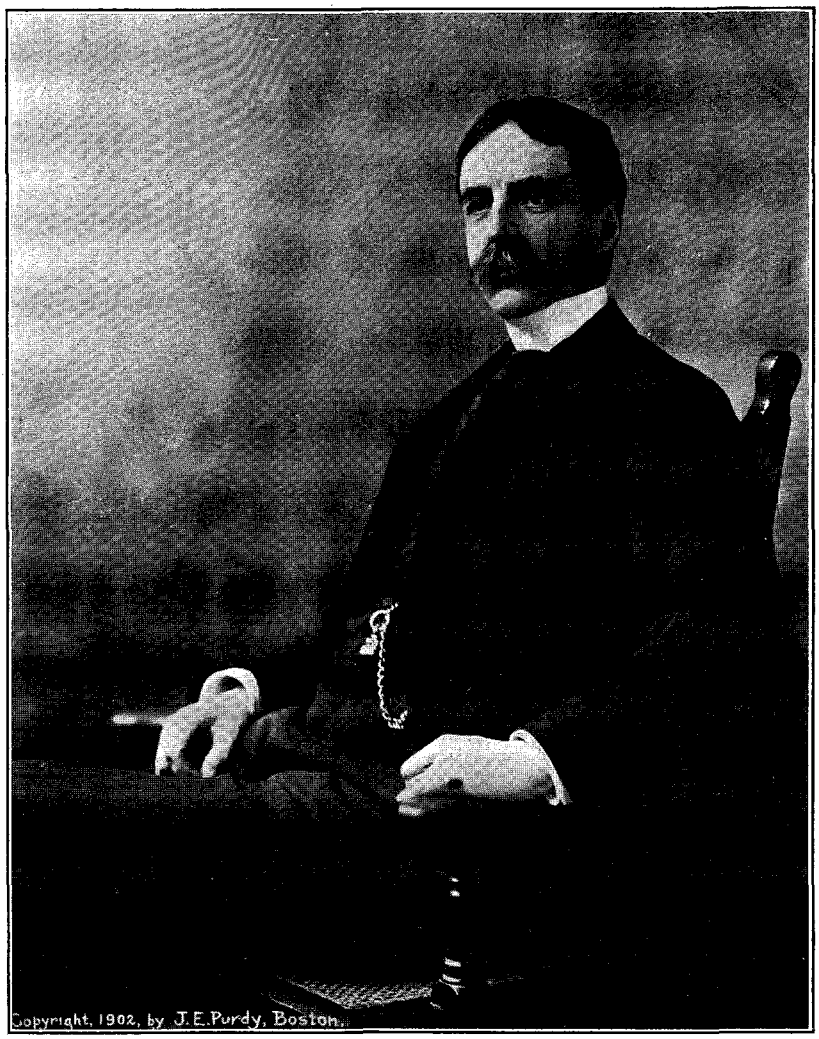
activities, Mapes found time to win two prize scholarships—one in English and one in Chemistry.

After graduation he served for a year as a reporter on the New York *Sun* under Charles A. Dana and was rapidly advanced until he became one of the leading reporters. Having an ambition to learn the art of playwriting, and thinking Paris was the most favourable spot for this purpose, he resigned his position and went to France. There he settled in the Latin Quarter and matriculated at the Sorbonne, where for four years he concentrated on the study of the drama and the technique of the modern French stage. He became a member of the famous French experimental theatre associations, Le Theatre Libre, L'Œuvre and Les Escholiers, who gave every month new plays of radical and startling tendencies.



ROBERT GRANT
Author of *The Chippendales*

Soon Mr. Mapes had progressed suffi-

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EMILY POST

Emily Post, whose work during the present year is bringing her rapidly into the front rank as a writer of fiction, is at present making an extended trip through the far West, to gain a first-hand familiarity with what she terms the "dominant American type," from which, she thinks, springs most of the real strength of the country. Heretofore her travels, beginning in childhood, have taken her into Germany, France and Italy, in each of which countries she remained for extended periods, becoming adept in the languages and learning the real life of the people. But with the growth of her mental horizon, she has felt more and more that American writers should know and write of their own country. Her studies for John Derby, in *The Title Market*, the serial now running in *Everybody's Magazine*, brought her into close touch with the sulphur mines of Louisiana and the copper mines of Michigan, and later with the extraordinary conditions under which sulphur is produced in Sicily.

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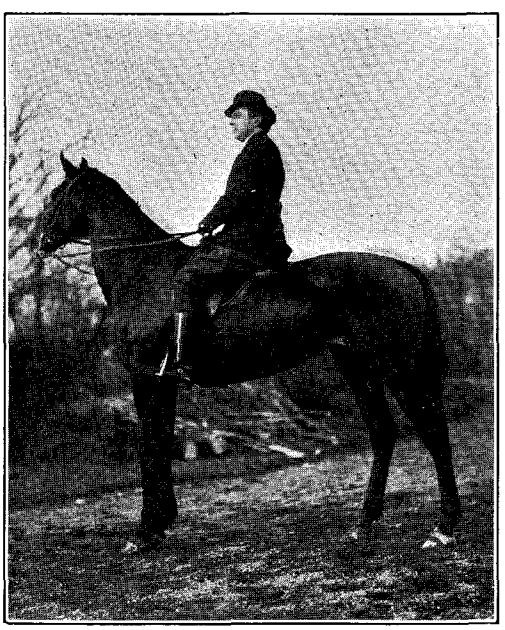
VICTOR MAPES

ciently to start the composition of a three-act play in French called *La Comtesse de Lisme*. Some friends of the author, without his knowledge, submitted it to the official reader of the Comédie Française. This official gave the play his approval and said he was willing to submit it to the governing committee, but told Mr. Mapes frankly that it might have to wait ten or twenty years before being produced owing to the many rules of precedence observed. He volunteered, however, to recommend the play to the Odéon, the second national theatre, where it might have more chance of a speedy presentation. He also advised Mapes to assume a French name. This was done, and in due time the play was accepted at the Odéon. When Mapes's true name and nationality became known, however, the director refused point blank to consider the question of production, since the theatre, being a national institution, could legitimately encourage only native art.

The reader of the Comédie Française advised Mapes to become a Frenchman. This procedure would require seven years' residence in France and three years of military service. But the reader assured him that as long as he remained a foreigner his career would be blocked by national prejudice. Instead of following this suggestion, Mapes submitted the play to a new French theatre, the Theatre Mondain, where it was immediately accepted and where it ran successfully throughout the season. This was the first time that an English-speaking author ever wrote and produced in France an original French play.

While the play was still running Mapes returned to New York to pursue his work in his native land. Only five years later Richard Mansfield accepted a play. In the meantime, in order to become more familiar with the American stage, Mapes obtained a position at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, under Daniel Frohman. He began as a prompter, rose rapidly to the position of stage manager, then reader and producer and finally became general stage director of Frohman's famous stock company. He left this work to become dramatic critic in the New York *World*, where he remained



GEORGE C. HAZELTON
Author of *The Raven*

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RUDYARD KIPLING CURLING IN LUCERNE

One of those significant but perfectly preposterous yarns which spring into existence and are passed about from time to time connects the name of Rudyard Kipling with *An Englishman's Home*, the play picturing the invasion of England by the forces of "the Empress of the North." According to the yarn the author is not Major Guy du Maurier, the son of the author of *Trilby*, as has been generally accepted, but Kipling himself

THE LATE ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE AND THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON IN THE GARDEN OF THE PINES AT PUTNEY

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for two years. In 1902 James K. Hackett produced Mr. Mapes's play *Don Cæsar's Return* with great success. This play ran for several hundred nights that season and the season following. Subsequently, Mr. Mapes has had produced seven more plays, among them *Captain Barrington, A Flower of Yeddo, Self-Defence, Gallops* (in collaboration), *The Under-Current* and *The Detective*. In 1904 Mr. Mapes became the first manager of the new Globe Theatre in Boston. In 1906 he was chosen as director of the new theatre in Chicago, a subscription playhouse, where high-class plays of literary merit were presented at frequent intervals by a permanent company. The experiment was extremely interesting

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

April 5, 1837 April 10, 1909

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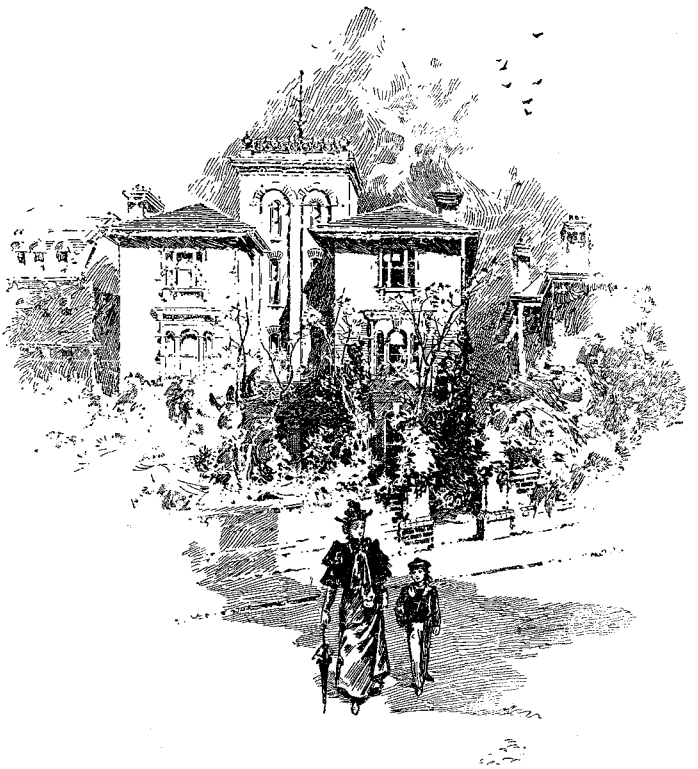

THE PINES, PUTNEY—FRONT VIEW

from an artistic point of view, but was not met with sufficient popular encouragement to warrant its continuation.

❧

"An Englishman's Home"

An Englishman's Home, as put on at the Criterion Theatre in this city, is less interesting as a play than as material for psychological study. Simply as a play, even though it is well acted, there is nothing to take it out of the category of ordinary purpose-plays. Nevertheless, the fact remains that all England was profoundly impressed by it, to such an extent that it affected legislation and led to an increase of the British navy against the protest of economising statesmen. We have to bear this fact in mind when we look at the play as acted here. We must put ourselves in the place of the British public, and try to discern just why the drama proved so instantaneously effective. This is not so easy a matter as one might think. The Germans, taking advantage of a protracted period of fog and of a strike which paralyses the telegraphic service in Great Britain, have made a landing in force upon the coast of England; and before any one in authority is aware of it they have laid their strategic traps and have pushed their disciplined regiments inland. The scene of the play is in the house of an ordinary middle-class Englishman, one Brown, and the action all takes place in a single room of this dwelling. The Germans enter. A number of them are quartered in the house for a few hours, after their attack has been resisted by a body of flustered Volunteers. Brown shoots one of the invaders and is instantly given over to a firing party, taken out, and shot on his own lawn amid the screams of his daughter. This is where the play originally ended; but in response to public sentiment in England, the Germans are, as a climax, captured by a motley troop of Volunteers and marines. It is a rather tame paraphrase of that tremendous episode in Zola's prose-

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epic, *La Débâcle,* where the civilian, Weiss, after killing many Bavarians at Bazeilles, is shot in the presence of his wife, who savagely gnaws the fingers of the Teuton who is holding her.

❧

Now the first thing that strikes one in witnessing *An Englishman's Home* is the extraordinary parochial character of the English people in it. The younger members of Brown's family are either frivolous, or stupid, or utter sap-heads. They solve riddles propounded in the columns of *Tit-bits.* They are intensely interested in racing and in foot-ball. When they actually learn that England is invaded and that London is probably in the hands of the enemy, one of the youths—the most sap-headed of them all—merely chuckles because he thinks that now he may not have to go to the office for several days. When the Germans are in the house and all the members of the family are locked in their rooms, he continues his buffoonery as before. Even Brown himself, the sturdy old man, is not concerned about his country's fate. He is simply enraged because the invaders have cut up his lawn and trampled over his kitchen-garden. There is not a thrill of patriotic feeling in the whole play from beginning to end. One sees only the stodgy middle-class Briton and gets an impression of a world made up of bank-clerks, scribblers of newspaper poetry, and giggling girls. Where, then, one asks himself, lies the strong appeal which the play did actually make in England? We are inclined to think that this appeal lies precisely in what we have just narrated. The drama intimates, without actually saying so, that Englishmen have become degenerate, that they have lost their old-time courage and sturdiness, and that in consequence the heart of the nation is cankered at its core. Looked at from this point of view, the play must have been a blow in the face to every Englishman who cared for the old traditions; and in this way it aroused the *sæva indignatio* which swept over the ruling classes and forced Parliament to build more *Dreadnoughts.* There is a suggestion that the people are given up entirely to athletic sports; and perhaps it is the memory of Kipling's palinodic line—

> The flannelled fool at the wicket, the muddled oaf at the goal—

which is responsible for the rumour that he, and not Major Du Maurier, is the author of the play. It is, indeed, a stinging arraignment of the great mass of Englishmen. Probably it is not a just arraignment; but there is doubtless enough truth in it to make the patriotic Briton wince.

❧

Looking at the stage management and other details, we might object, without being hypercritical, that it doesn't impress us very much to find the German army consisting of only five men. On the other hand, these five men could probably have knocked the spots out of the silly mob which is finally supposed to rout them. Otherwise, the realism of the second and third is extremely fine—the walls crumbling under the impact of shells, the ceiling riven apart and glaring with the conflagration overhead, while through the open window one sees the adjacent houses bursting into flames amid the dull rumbling of artillery and the fierce crackle of rifle-fire. If the play is to last much longer, we trust that the German army will be re-enforced, and that one of the British maidens will be replaced by some other actress who is not so obviously Semitic.

❧

"Quips and Cranks"

In a recent issue of the London *Sphere* Mr. Clement K. Shorter, whose *Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, discusses what he calls "the quips and cranks of so-called literature." By this phrase he means certain books of an eccentric and controversial nature which have been written for the purpose of disproving what the world at large has taken for granted. He begins with a little volume by a man by the name of Fitzpatrick entitled *Who Wrote the Waverley Novels?* Mr. Fitzpatrick's contention was—and his opinion was taken rather seriously at the time—that Sir

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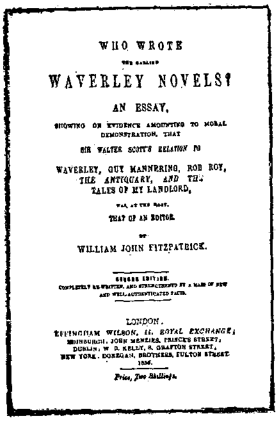
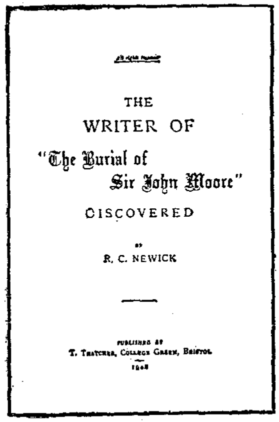
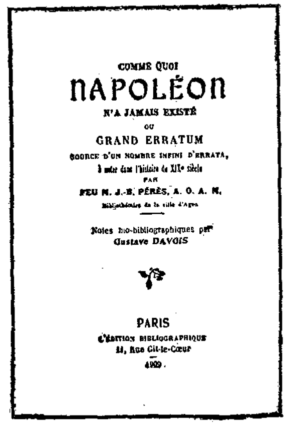

WHO WROTE
WAVERLEY NOVELS?
AN ESSAY,
SHOWING ON EVIDENCE AMOUNTING TO MORAL DEMONSTRATION, THAT
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RELATION TO
WAVERLEY, GUY MANNERING, ROB ROY, THE ANTIQUARY, AND THE TALES OF MY LANDLORD,
THAT OF AN EDITOR.
WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK.
LONDON.
EFFINGHAM WILSON, 11, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
DUBLIN; W. B. KELLY, 8, GRAFTON STREET,
Price, Two Shillings.

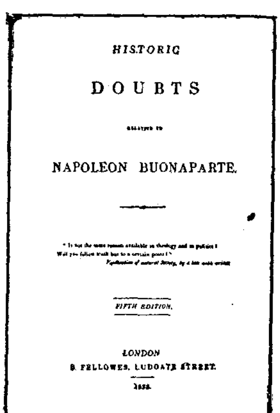

THE
WRITER OF
"The Burial of
Sir John Moore"
DISCOVERED
R. C. NEWICK
T. THATCHER, COLLEGE GREEN, BRISTOL

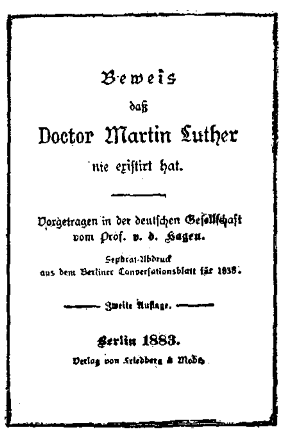

COMME QUOI
NAPOLÉON
N'A JAMAIS EXISTÉ
OU
GRAND ERRATUM
SOURCE D'UN NOMBRE INFINI D'ERRATA,
PAR
FEU M. J.-B. PÉRÈS, A. O. A. M.
Notes bio-bibliographiques par
Gustave DAVOIS
PARIS
L'ÉDITION BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE
11, Rue Gît-le-Cœur
1909.

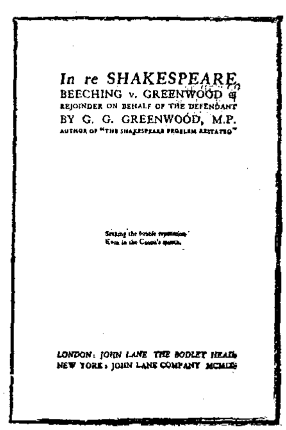
Walter Scott's brother, Thomas Scott, wrote *Waverley*. Thomas Scott went to Canada in 1813, and there is a letter in Lockhart's *Life* from Sir Walter suggesting that he write a novel. It is Mr. Fitzpatrick's argument that Sir Walter, having hopelessly broken down in his attempts at *Waverley,* although successful as a poet, persuaded his brother to write the book. The evidence that he adduces in support of this theory fills more than a hundred pages, and at least two other books were written in sunnort of the curious contention. "No one, of course," says Mr. Shorter, "believes this nonsense now, but it had much the same currency in its day that the Shakespeare-Bacon craze has in ours."

Then there was the book printed in Berlin in 1883 for the purpose of proving that Martin Luther never existed at all, but was simply a myth. According to this he was made to be born on St. Martin's Day and hence the allegory of his name. He was born at Eisleben, which means "ice" and "life," into which fact also an allegorical meaning is read. Another book, recently published, attempts to prove that Charles Wolfe did not write *The Burial of Sir John Moore.* This volume has caused some little discussion in England, and Professor Skeat wrote a letter to the London *Daily Telegraph* giving a certain measure of countenance to the theory.

Two other books discussed by Mr. Shorter treat of Napoleon. The first of these is Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts About Napoleon Buonaparte,* which appeared originally in 1819, and


HISTORIC
DOUBTS
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.
FIFTH EDITION.
LONDON
B. FELLOWES, LUDGATE STREET.


Beweis
daß
Doctor Martin Luther
nie existirt hat.
Vorgetragen in der deutschen Gesellschaft
vom Prof. v. d. Hagen.
Separat-Abdruck
aus dem Berliner Conversationsblatt für 1838.
Zweite Auflage.
Berlin 1883.


In re SHAKESPEARE
BEECHING v. GREENWOOD
REJOINDER ON BEHALF OF THE DEFENDANT
BY G. G. GREENWOOD, M.P.
AUTHOR OF "THE SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM RESTATED"
LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMIX

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which attempted to prove that Hume's doubts in regard to miracles had equal force with reference to the existence of Napoleon. A second book of the same character has very recently been issued in Paris. Its title is *Comme Quoi Napoléon N'a Jamais Existé,* and it is a piece of innocent fooling. It attempts to show that the Emperor was only an allegorical person, a sun myth. By the poets the sun is named Apollon. This means exterminator, and was given to the sun by the Greeks because of the evil that it did at the Siege of Troy, when a part of their army was destroyed by the heat. Napoleon's mother, Letitia, signifies the dawn, his four brothers the four seasons, all kings of the earth.

Two at least of the novels of the late Marion Crawford found curious vindications in real life. Many of our readers will remember *Paul Patoff,* which told of the disappearance of a man in Constantinople, and the ultimately successful search of his friends. In the story Paul Griggs brings his influence to bear upon the private secretary of the Sultan, with the result that after a long and arduous search the missing man is found. About a year after the publication of *Paul Patoff* Mr. Marion Crawford, who is pretty generally known as the Paul Griggs of his books, had a friend visiting him at his house in Sorrento. The friend in question went thence to Constantinople, and soon afterward disappeared mysteriously. The story told in the novel was played out detail by detail. Mr. Crawford secured the assistance of the original of the Sultan's secretary in the book. They followed the same plan and had the same suspicions. There was but one difference. It was that in actual life the man was never found.

"Paul Patoff"

Another curious coincidence of a similar nature was in connection with *Pietre Ghisleri,* that fascinating romance of modern Roman life. When writing the book, Mr. Crawford was for a time dubious as to the manner in which Lord Herbert Arden's death should be brought about. The device of the table napkins infected with the germs of scarlet fever, with which readers of the book are familiar, seemed to him to be somewhat unnatural and far-fetched. Years after the writing of the novel Europe was startled with the case of a French physician living near Paris. This man was a bacteriologist of some note, and a man of attractive personality and some social importance. A time came, however, when strange rumours began to spread. He had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with great hospitality, but it was noticed that after each of his dinners some one guest would die of a virulent malady. In one case it was cholera, in another scarlet fever, in another small-pox. At last matters reached such a stage that the physician was arrested, but he shot himself before he could be brought to trial. At a subsequent investigation, however, his servant, who was implicated to a certain extent, confessed that his master, who had become a dangerous maniac, had been in the habit before each of his dinners of infecting with the bacilli of these diseases the food or the wine of some particular guest.

"Pietre Ghisleri"

Miss Ellen Glasgow sailed early in April for England, having just finished reading the proofs of her new novel, *The Romance of a Plain Man,* which is to appear May 12th. Miss Glasgow expects to remain abroad for some time, but she will not interrupt her work, which she usually carries on with great regularity. Indeed, a new novel is already in her mind and will doubtless begin to take form as soon as she is settled in some quiet place in rural England. Miss Glasgow is known as a slow but steady worker. The composition of *The Romance of a Plain Man* was begun nearly a year and a half ago and was only completed since the beginning of the year, although it is a story of but moderate length as novels go in these days of the resurrected three decker. "I never have more than one story in my mind at a time," she said recently with reference

Ellen Glasgow

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to the new book. "As soon as a book is finished, however, its completion seems to suggest a new idea and I am off at once on the next book without a moment's rest. Sometimes it is months before the new idea takes its final shape, but every one who has written will understand that these months involve some of the hardest work of composition. The actual writing is often easy compared with the struggle to get the idea right in the first place."

That a foreign environment and training have a distinct value in the development of style and technique in fiction-making is once more suggestively shown this season by the promising work of two new writers, Mrs. Helen Mackay and Miss Clare Benedict, whose first volumes of short stories, *Houses of Glass* and *A Resemblance,* are both reviewed in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. Mrs. Mackay, who was a Miss Edwards until her recent marriage to Mr. Archibald K. Mackay, is well known in the social circles of New York and in the fashionable colony of Lenox, Massachusetts, which she and her husband make their headquarters during the small portion of the year that they can give to America. Mr. Mackay's business connections oblige him to spend the greater part of his time in France and Italy; and the consequent intimate knowledge of Continental life and customs, as well as Continental methods in fiction, amply explains the very unusual quality of the short sketches of Parisian life gathered together under the title of *Houses of Glass.* It is an interesting fact that although this is Mrs. Mackay's first published volume in English, she has already brought out a collection of short stories written in Italian under the title of *Il Vagabondo,* which is now in its second edition.

Helen Mackay

In the case of Miss Benedict, heredity as well as environment may claim a share of the credit for the merit of the stories that make up the volume entitled *A Resemblance.* On the side of her mother, who was a Miss Woolson, of Cleveland, Ohio, she traces her descent directly to the family of Fenimore Cooper; and her present home when she is in America is the old Cooper estate at Cooperstown, N. Y. Furthermore, she is a niece of Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose *Jupiter Lights, Anne, For the Major* and numerous other novels, originally appearing in *Harper's Monthly,* were highly regarded by an earlier generation. Soon after the tragic death of her father in a railroad accident, when Miss Benedict was a child of four, she was taken to Europe by her widowed mother, and has since then spent the greater portion of each year abroad, dividing her time largely between Florence, Vienna, Munich, Paris and London, and seldom missing a season at Bayreuth. Miss Benedict is an accomplished linguist, a musician of considerable ability, and possesses an intimate knowledge of French, German and Italian literature. It was not until two years ago that her first stories were offered to the magazines, *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* being among the first to give her encouragement. The cordial recognition they have received has resulted in their republication in a single volume, which is named *A Resemblance,* from the title of the opening story.

Clare Benedict

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

Dr. James Schouler has been so good as to enlighten us regarding a problem to which we referred in the last issue of the Letter Box. He writes as follows:

I perceive in the Letter Box of your March number your good-natured response to my recent criticism upon a statement made in your pages. As you question in return the verbal propriety of an allusion in my *History* to Lee's "infatuous campaign" of 1863 (Vol. VI., page 351), I shall explain myself with equal courtesy and frankness.

No one had brought the passage earlier to my attention; and while I agree with you that the literal expression should be altered, I am not sure, at this distance of time, whether the fault rests originally with the author or with the printer. You are right in stating that "infatuous" is not to be found in the dictionary; and I certainly have no desire to coin a new adjective where either "infatuate" or "fatuous" would serve the purpose admirably. We are none of us above criticism which is justly and considerately applied.

Yours very truly,
JAMES SCHOULER.

We beg Dr. Schouler to accept the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

II

Here is a question which the lady who propounds it evidently regards as a poser. We incidentally note with pleasure that she addresses us as "The Honourable Senior Editor." This is not quite so flattering as "Excellency" or "General," but still it shows that M. M. M. is one of the elect. Here is her letter in part. She makes some further remarks which we shall take up in another place:

If THE BOOKMAN has adopted the English spelling of "honour," "labour," and the rest, why should *honorific*, used in the Letter Box of the October number, be spelled without the *u*? I am always sorry to find THE BOOKMAN, and most especially the Senior Editor, inconsistent.

M. M. M.

Neither THE BOOKMAN nor the Senior Editor is inconsistent. "Honour" is spelled with a *u* because it is derived from the Norman-French *honneur*. On the other hand, *honorific* is so spelled because it comes directly from the Latin *honorificus*. We hope that the lady sees the nice distinction. But of course she does.

III

There is a reader in Augusta, Maine, who evidently has some esoteric faith in us, if we may judge from the following letter:

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

In spite of your frequent and whimsical desire to be wrong, I am convinced that when you give a serious answer to a serious question you can be absolutely impartial, no matter whether or not your own prejudices are concerned. Therefore, I ask you frankly whether you do not believe that the so-called Simplified Spelling is slowly making its way into general use. Please be honest in this matter and tell me what you really think.

We really think that the so-called Simplified Spelling is losing what little ground it had to lose in the beginning. For example, the backwoods newspapers which took it up as a fad and because they thought it was "scholarly" (save the mark!) have dropped it. Some great advertisers, such as Mr. John Wanamaker, for example, used the Simplified Spelling in their advertisements for a few weeks in order to attract attention, but they have also dropped it. President Roosevelt, who made himself ridiculous by trying to force cacography upon the Government, has in despair abandoned it. Even more significant, however, is a wail of woe emitted by the "Executiv Committee" of the Simplified Spelling Board, in a circular letter which was addressed to American publishers on March 24th. This letter begins with the following sentences which are significant of much:

1 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1909.

DEAR SIRS: We take the liberty of urging upon American publishers an adherence, in

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their publications, to what are conventionally known as "American" spellings, as *labor, humor, center, civilize, plow, check,* etc. We are sorry to see the substitution of the so-called "British" spellings of these words in some recent American books, in order, we are told, to avoid the necessity of making changes in plates for English markets. This is a step away from the simplification of spellings now much desired by many of the educated in this country, and by not a few in England.

This is obviously a confession both that the barbarous mode of spelling is being forgotten and that the spelling which it befits a gentleman to use is finding favour with those who never favoured it before. We commend these deductions to the consideration of our correspondent.

IV

A brief query comes to us typewritten on a slip of blue paper. We are compelled to think that the signature represents an assumed name:

DEAR BOOKMAN: Why is the Senior Editor so called, and has he ever been called anything else?

Now don't spit, or swear, or snort, or whine, or wheeze, or tear your hair, or turn the wulket, or dance, or sneeze, or bite, or do anything unseemly. Just answer the question. That's all you're called upon to do.

SOAP O'LOUGHLIN.

We don't know precisely what the wulket is, or we should probably turn it, if only for the sake of the experience. But as to the question which the saponaceous gentleman asks us, there is nothing in it to cause us any agitation. The Senior Editor is so called because he presided over the genesis of THE BOOKMAN—a moment at which the real story of our life began. He has always been called the Senior Editor (officially) even though contributors to the Letter Box, such as M. M. M., have given him by way of adornment other and more decorative titles. The Junior Editor is called the Junior Editor because he was thus named by the Senior Editor and because he is youthful, occasionally frivolous and irresponsible, while we are always grave, not to say austere.

V

À propos of the general question raised in the preceding letter, we mention with pleasure that we have received a picture post-card from our old friend, the gentleman from British Columbia. It represents the wreck of a railroad train "about seven miles from Mullan, Idaho." On the front is the following query, which we don't answer, because how can we tell what Kenneth Grahame had in his mind at any particular time?

Is it possible that Kenneth Grahame had the Junior Editor in mind when he constructed Mr. Mole—and is the editor of the Letter Box Mr. Badger?

G. FROM B. C.

VI

Why do people send us letters like the following, which comes from Atlanta, Georgia?

I have written twelve or fifteen short stories, 700, 1500, 2000 and 3000 words. I can now write one each week if you wish. Tell me if you would consider a Southern Writer.

I have not submitted any of my short stories to you. Will you tell me whether it would be worth my while or yours to do so?

We admire the literary speed of this gentleman, but we may say that we don't care to consider a Southern Writer as such, nor a Northern Writer as such, nor a Western Writer as such, nor an Eastern Writer as such. It is a matter of indifference to us whether a writer comes from the north-north-west or the south-south-east or whether he is a Fletcherite or a Pragmatist. It is the quality of his literary work that we are entirely concerned with. Therefore, how on earth can we tell whether it would be worth this gentleman's while to submit to us any of his short stories? It makes us just a bit irritable to have such questions asked of us.

VII

A subscriber in Cañon City, Colorado, asks us to publish a list of books of fiction which purport to be drawn from the events of the Revolutionary War. If we were to give a list in any way complete, it would swamp this magazine. There-

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fore, we can mention only a few of the most important.

Winston Churchill, *Richard Carvel* (1899).
J. Fenimore Cooper, *Lionel Lincoln* (1825).
J. Fenimore Cooper, *The Spy* (1821).
J. Fenimore Cooper, *The Pilot* (1824).
P. L. Ford, *Janice Meredith* (1899).
Harold Frederic, *In the Valley* (1890).
S. O. Jewett, *The Tory Lover* (1901).
S. W. Mitchell, *Hugh Wynne* (1897).
Clinton Ross, *The Scarlet Coat* (1896).
W. G. Simms, *The Partisan* (1835).
R. N. Stephens, *The Continental Dragoon* (1901).
Mary I. Taylor, *A Yankee Volunteer* (1899).
D. P. Thompson, *The Rangers* (1851).
Maurice Thompson, *Alice of Old Vincennes* (1901).

We have selected these volumes as representing the different phases of the Revolutionary War which have chiefly appealed to writers of fiction.

VIII

From Lowell, Massachusetts, comes the following:

In the fourth paragraph of your Letter Box I recognized the "Commander's Statue" at once, but was puzzled and interested by your mention of "Balzac's Story of Don Juan." I thought I knew my Balzac, but I do not recall this.

We can only reply that the gentleman apparently does not know his Balzac so thoroughly as he might. The story may be found in any collection of Balzac's shorter tales, whether in French or in English.

IX

A lady of discrimination asks us whether we will not be so good as to add the expression "The story grips the reader" to the other banalities which we have consigned to our Inferno. We do so with great pleasure. Next month we shall present to our readers the Inferno stocked with new and unattractive commonplaces which we have been collecting for the past three months.

TOP NOTES AND BANK NOTES: THE EARNINGS OF THE OPERA SINGERS

HEN Barbaja was asked his private opinion of a singer he answered: "I have not yet consulted my books. I must see what the receipts average and I will answer your question to-morrow."

In spite of this cynical remark from an impresario famous a century ago, the obvious deduction that the salaries of singers depend to-day upon their drawing power alone is fallacious. There are only a few isolated phenomena, like Caruso, who can, in this country at least, pack the house: it is the *ensemble* which attracts—and the opera. The salary depends upon many things: most essentially, the kind of voice and its quality, the style and variety of a *répertoire,* past experiences and geography. Barytones, for example, receive less than tenors and more than bassos. The pure tenor, like Bonci, is a *rara avis;* most of those now singing are high barytones with the notes "pushed up." The crested female voice earns more for its owner, also, than the contralto. This explains why mezzo-sopranos, like Fremstad, cultivate the upper register; the *répertoire* and salary is likewise increased. Elsas and Elizabeths can demand more than Ortruds and

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Brangaenes. Though colorature until recently was more sought than the dramatic soprano, a pyrotechnic series of Violettas and Lucias is still capable of compelling the most favourable terms. The *matinée* grace of an Alvary and the form of a Garden are assets, too. And then the magic of a name, the lingering glory of past achievements, adds lustre and distinction to a company. These comments are naturally meant for the supreme artists of their class; but even the greatest personalities find their earning capacity dependent on *where* they sing. It is a well-established fact, in this connection, that singers receive one-third and sometimes one-half more here than abroad. The prices of admission are not correspondingly higher, but a cast of Caruso, Melba and Renaud, which last year excited Paris at triple prices, would be expected in this city at the usual rates. Abroad, too, most of the great opera-houses are endowed by the government, and the honour of singing at some is not overlooked by the singers in making a contract; here music is the playing of the social professionalist, and receives a practical endowment from that support. Yet in the case of the fabulous salaries thus made possible there is nothing exceptional; an examination into the earning ability of former song-birds shows much the same state of affairs. The great voice has always earned enormous sums, and the vocal velvet of the departed has likewise been measured for value by four or five digits. Temperament never clouded a business capacity which seems to have been the chronic habit of great singers. But it must be remembered, preparation is often hard, and long, and costly, and a voice a fragile thing after all—liable to break or lose its powers at any time. Still, in the great competitive bidding for the golden voice of to-day, it is interesting to keep this other fact in mind as a cursory glance over the financial record is made.

PRESENT-DAY CONTRACTS

Because of certain elements, the contracts of an Opera House with its singers present much more variety to-day than the usual agreements between a theatrical manager and his actors. In the first place, while many singers fail "to make good"—even those who have had brilliant success abroad—it is seldom so large an organisation as the Metropolitan or Manhattan, for instance, will give place to a novice. The reputation of a singer precedes him, and though it be of little value before the ultimate test of our capricious audiences, it at least suggests a routine knowledge of certain operas and the rôles which lie within his voice. Since every singer must of necessity know certain familiar rôles, in his *début,* unlike the actor, he consequently does not have to consider the failure of his tried and time-proven vehicle, but only of his ability to interpret his part satisfactorily. Thus, in signing a contract, the chief uncertainty of an actor's life is eliminated. There are, as a result, certain rôles to be sung specified, and very often the more conspicuous stars are able to reserve for their exclusive use particular parts. Eames, as an example, has had, since Ternina's departure, a monopoly on *Tosca,* and the recent newspaper notoriety of Mary Garden, who threatened to resign unless exclusively given the rôles she created, is still a fresh topic. Some seasons ago, one soprano even tried to have the privilege of singing only when Jean de Reszké appeared, because her rôles were otherwise sung to empty houses. The important artists always have it specified in the contract in which rôle the *début* is to be made, and further, if a new part is learned or created, a certain definite number of appearances in that opera must be guaranteed. Many vocalists, especially the utility members of the organisation, are engaged at a lump sum of five to fifteen thousand for the season, to sing whenever cast; but the majority are paid by the performance, so many a week and so many a season. In view of the largely increased companies and *répertoires,* this accounts for the managerial value of Sunday concerts and out-of-town opera. In particular cases, as will be pointed out later, certain stars have the privilege of singing at concerts, etc., for their own emolument, while the voices of others are the exclusive property of the company, which, however, will "farm them out" and divide proceeds. There is always a

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clause concerning illness that protects both singer and director—a missed performance either counting as an appearance or another opportunity be given to appear. As all the operas require costumes, the singers, unlike the actor, supply their own. Travelling expenses are always paid and, in some cases, hotel bills. There are frequently clauses as to "star" dressing-rooms and the usual concessions to the dignity of temperament. And again, singers are engaged "on approval"—with recompense and expenses of trip from other side guaranteed, but no stated contract.

These contracts are the evolution of two centuries of opera and are mentioned here to show the power of singers to force their various demands, before considering the more specific object of this paper: the past and present cash value of their voices.

STARS OF YESTERDAY

In the early days of the last century the opera favourites were recompensed in more subtle ways than by actual coin. It was no unusual thing for them to receive unheard-of presents and, indeed, many of the most splendid jewels of the day found themselves adorning the corsage of a favourite prima donna. The old *Memoirs* mention this outpouring as comprising "purses filled with gold," "snuff-boxes studded with diamonds," "houses with lawns attached," etc. Sophie Arnould, of tragic history, was offered a pension of two thousand crowns by a duke, and eventually retired in 1798 on a pension of twenty-four hundred livres given by Fouché, who felt "a woman who had laboured twenty years to entertain the public deserved recompense." Still earlier documents show that Anastasia Robinson, in 1714, received for the season one thousand pounds and "emoluments." The character of these "emoluments" is not mentioned, but may be deduced. Margarita De L'Epine, a rival, retired in 1722 with a fortune of ten thousand pounds, after a successful career of twenty years. Keeping in mind the greater purchasing value of money in those days, these two will serve as a comparison with the greater singers of the next century.

From all accounts Malibran [Maria Garcia] must have been one of the loveliest singers who ever lived. Her genius was only equalled by her eccentricity. As the records of her contracts are obtainable, it may be illuminating to go somewhat into detail. When only seventeen (1825) she was engaged for six weeks at five hundred pounds. In 1826 she was signed by Laurent for a season at the Opera House, Paris, receiving eight hundred francs a performance and "a free benefit." This same year the Duc d'Orleans gave her three hundred francs for a single private concert. A few years later she was engaged at the Theatre Italiens for eleven hundred and seventy-five francs a performance. Under Barbaja, at Rome, in 1832, she earned one thousand francs for each of twelve appearances, and the following autumn, at Bologna, she obtained fourteen hundred and forty pounds for eighteen nights. The next season, at the Drury Lane, London, her contract gave her one hundred and fifty guineas a performance and two benefits, which netted two thousand pounds, in addition. In May and June of the same year she sang twenty-eight times at the King's Theatre for twenty-seven hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was also under contract to give one hundred and eighty-five performances at eighteen thousand pounds. This latter sum was the largest ever paid a singer to that day. She also sang twenty-six times at the Drury Lane and Covent Garden, three days a week, for a total of thirty-four hundred and sixty-three pounds. She died when she was only twenty-nine.

"THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE"

Jenny Lind, whose name has become a legend because of the unusual beauty of her personal character and her spectacular retirement from the public, kept a record of her own earnings. Her letters and diary are full, too, of interesting information concerning the method of the impresarios of her day. In her entire operatic career she sang only six hundred and seventy-seven times, and she probably would never have given it up for the concert platform were it not for the worries over the financial details of each contract. Chance discovered Jenny

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Lind's voice: as is not generally known, she was a successful child actress. Her real future, however, was marked out for her from the first song interpolated by accident in a play. She was soon cast in operatic rôles, and at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm, in 1840, for sixty-nine performances received about one hundred pounds a year. In 1841, she studied with Signor Garcia, a brother of Malibran, and it is instructive to note she paid twenty francs an hour. In 1844, she refused an annual salary of about one thousand pounds, "with benefits," to stay permanently in Germany. She knew her voice belonged to the world. She sang five times in Vienna (1846) for fifty pounds a performance with extra benefit. It was in 1847 she made her second contract to appear in London, the first one with Bunn having caused her endless legal complications.

The Lumley contract was substantially as follows:

1. An honorarium of one hundred and twenty thousand francs for the season, reckoned from April 14 to August 20, 1847.

2. A furnished house, a carriage and a pair of horses, free of charge, for the season.

3. A further sum of twenty thousand francs, if Mlle. Lind wished to spend a month in Italy before her début, for the purpose of studying the language, or for rest.

4. Liberty to cancel the engagement if, after her first appearance, she felt dissatisfied at the measure of its success and wished to discontinue her performances.

5. Mlle. Lind was not to sing at concerts, public or private, for her own emolument.

In 1846, the now famous *diva* refused an unparalleled offer from the Czar to sing five months at St. Petersburg for a salary of fifty-six thousand francs per month, a sum equalling eleven thousand pounds. But it was her appearance in this country under P. T. Barnum's management, however, which has brought Jenny Lind's name near to us. She was to receive one thousand dollars a performance and all expenses for one hundred and fifty concerts to be given within one year. This was eventually changed, so that she received a half share of the profits whenever the receipts were above five thousand five hundred dollars. As the returns sometimes equalled fifteen thousand dollars, her share on the first six concerts alone was thirty thousand dollars. Incidentally it is recorded she gave away that sum in New York for charities. At the expiration of her contract with Barnum, she sang forty additional recitals on her own speculation. She appeared little after this and lived a retired life for nearly forty years.

GRISI, MARIO AND OTHERS

The romantic story of Grisi and Mario was not without its interesting financial side. It was a strange whim of Fate which drove these two great artists together never to part till death, for each seemed to complement the other: improvident Mario, "who could with a tenor note soothe the souls in purgatory," and the well-balanced woman, who later, at the Queen's suggestion, became his wife. It is on record that he gave away over forty thousand pounds in his career; so prodigal was he that at the end of Grisi's career (1866) they made a provincial tour together, and she alone was given three hundred pounds a week—with which she paid his needs. At the height of their fame they received, in 1854, for an American tour of seventy concerts, seventeen thousand pounds. Their manager acknowledged clearing twelve thousand pounds by the engagement. Titiens, another conspicuous figure in operatic history, in her heyday, received, in 1862, one hundred pounds a night; her concert tour in America brought her one hundred and sixty pounds a performance and one-half the receipts if they exceeded a certain sum. Alboni, some years previous, was given four thousand pounds for the season at Covent Garden.

ADELINA PATTI: THE MUSICAL MIRACLE

Adelina Patti never suffered from the financial timidity of a Jenny Lind. Not only was she a supreme vocalist, but, as Colonel Mapleson remarked, "no one ever approached her in the art of obtaining from a manager the greatest possible sum he could by any possibility contrive to pay." But the musical miracle was the spoiled darling of her day, and she never failed to obtain exactly what she

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wanted. She was first engaged in London, in 1861, by Mapleson, to sing four nights "on approval," and, in case of success, to obtain forty pounds a week. This contract was not fulfilled, however, for being hard pressed financially, she had borrowed fifty pounds from a rival manager, and her receipt proved practically a contract. This was the beginning of a career so dazzling that its successive steps are simply a series of increasing banknotes. A few statements will suffice. In 1872 she obtained in London two hundred guineas a night, since she insisted on having more than Christine Nilsson, who was receiving two hundred pounds. She sang twice a week. Ten years later, she was given five thousand dollars a night! Her famous contract to sing in America provided that the money should be paid her at two o'clock on the day she sang, also a drawing-room and sleeping-car to be especially built for her with conservatory and fernery, etc. Further, there was to be deposited to her credit fifty thousand dollars for payment of the last ten performances—Patti's favourite device. She thus received about twenty times what Mario and Grisi got. Her private car, incidentally, cost sixty thousand dollars and contained a silver bath and gold keys to the doors—to say nothing of a two thousand dollar piano. Patti only gave to the manager her voice and her costumes. Her drawing capacity justified this: *Lucia,* as an example, was sung to an average of fourteen thousand dollars. *Traviata* drew more, since she sang more notes: it was a frequent occurrence among the poorer music lovers to buy a club ticket and each take turns at hearing her for twenty minutes; if one overstayed his time he paid for the entire ticket. Some mathematicians computed, by dividing number of notes sung by sum paid, that in *Semiramide* Patti received 42⅝ cents for each note; this was found to be just 7 1/10 cents per note more than Rossini got for writing the whole opera. Interpretative art has always earned more than the creative, as this illustrates. During the "Patti epidemic" in San Francisco, she often sang to twenty-five thousand dollars. She herself received at about this time eight thousand dollars for each performance at the Cincinnati Music Festival. In forming some estimate of the fortune she has earned it must be remembered, too, that she enjoyed over forty years of actual career. Her famous and habitual series of successive farewells alone were unparalleled money makers, and though her last disastrous visit to our shores was humiliating to a degree, she still draws whenever she sings in London; for her English people are always loyal to a personality—witness Albani also—no matter what substance remains of a golden memory.

PATTI'S CONTEMPORARIES

A curious story is told of Mme. Etelka Gerster, which serves to show in what demand a great voice always has been. When a young woman she was about to be married, but owing to the pressing needs of an impresario she agreed to sing a number of performances. Her *fiancé,* however, refused to postpone the marriage, and all the frantic manager could do was to pay the happy pair to delay the honeymoon. This was done a number of times; the manager being careful to put this extra sum under a separate head that "it might not be used as a precedent in connection with future engagements." A later record of Gerster's salary approaches Patti's, whom at one time she rivalled closely. The tragic breakdown of her voice in public is well remembered. She is now teaching singing at fancy prices. Christine Nilsson, so closely identified with the other two supreme sopranos, was paid enormous sums. In the early eighties she received for an American concert tour three hundred pounds a night for sixty appearances—with all her hotel bills "but not travelling." So great was her success that she subsequently received a bonus. About this time the famous tenor Campanini and the contralto Scalchi were offered by Abbey in America one thousand dollars a night. In 1886, Lilli Lehmann in three concerts in Milwaukee paid the fine of thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars imposed upon her by the Intendant of the Court Opera, for breaking her contract. She received about fifty pounds an appearance in Germany, and on her American operatic contract about one hundred and twenty pounds.

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Jean de Reszké appeared first in New York at one thousand dollars a performance, and the last season, by reason of an agreement to have a percentage, earned about twenty-four hundred dollars an evening. He is now teaching in Paris at twenty-five dollars an hour.

STARS OF TO-DAY

It is practically impossible to be absolutely accurate concerning the salaries of singers now before the public. The data already mentioned has been drawn from reliable sources, but when one considers that opera singers care more for the reputation of their earning capacity than anything else, perhaps slight inaccuracies may be forgiven. The temperamental character of the great singers, too, has changed little and there is still the "double agreement"—the genuine contract and the other for the public's inspection.

Calvé, the imperishable Carmen, has received two thousand dollars a performance; Melba probably the same sum at Hammerstein's, though she averages over twelve hundred dollars; Sembrich, whose song recitals in New York alone net her five thousand dollars each, earns about one hundred thousand dollars a year in opera; Nordica, under Conried, received eleven hundred and fifty dollars an appearance, and from her earnings Emma Eames owns magnificent residences in Paris and Italy. Of the other great sopranos, Gadski, Fremstad, Destinn, Morena, Farrar and Garden obtain a thousand or over for each performance. Tetrazzini, who sings seldom in concerts, earns little less than one hundred thousand dollars a year—though a few seasons ago she was struggling in a cheap company in the West. Caruso gives his time exclusively to the Metropolitan Opera Company, and must divide with them whenever he appears in concert. His salary is spectacular and he is reported to sing at Atlanta this spring at five thousand dollars per concert. His recent illness has cost him a small fortune. Bonci, equally bound to the opera company, is in the hundred thousand class. Aside from the salaries for singing in opera, many of the artists, unlike Caruso, are free to appear elsewhere for their own benefit. It is said Farrar, Campanari and Fremstad each earns over twenty thousand dollars this way. Scotti, Jörn, Rappold, Amato charge over five hundred dollars each appearance. Homer, the great contralto, sings in concert for eight hundred, and Gilibert, with his specialty of French songs, demands six hundred dollars. Goritz, Blass, Hinckley, Witherspoon and Martin obtain over three hundred dollars a concert. Burgstaller, a favourite interpreter of German Lieder, frequently added an extra twelve thousand dollars to his operatic salary. These are all salaries paid in America. Besides this, these singers all drew large royalties from the phonographic records made of their voices—the sums, in some cases, equalling ten thousand dollars a year.

Several collateral if detached facts in connection with this earning capacity may be stated to leaven these enormous prizes of a few careers. Fifty per cent. of the German musicians, for instance, receive less than two hundred and fifty dollars a year; twenty per cent. less than three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and ten per cent. about seven hundred and fifty dollars. There is, however, a pension attached to an engagement at a Court Theatre. There is little of an eleemosynary character in this country, though attempts are made to protect and help the chorus. This chorus earns between eighteen and twenty-five dollars a week—less than show girls. As a rule their voices contain beautiful notes and insurmountable flaws. For their five months' work, none the less, they earn nearly as much as the average doctor and school-teacher.

A word in conclusion may be added concerning the salaries of conductors. Maurice Grau once said that he thought the public never paid to see a man's back. It is suggestive to observe, though, that there has been a steady increase in their earnings: the great music-loving public recognising that, in spite of star casts and elaborate productions, the magic of a performance depends much upon the intelligence and temperament of its pivot. In 1858, Colonel Mapleson paid Vianesi eight pounds a month to conduct at the Drury Lane, London. Mercadante, of the San Carlo Opera House, Naples, re-

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ceived five pounds a week. The span of a half century shows quite a change. Grau paid about twenty-five thousand dollars a season for the entire department: Luigi Mancinelli received twelve thousand dollars, and others, including Seidl and Hertz, the remaining thirteen thousand dollars. Hertz now earns about twelve thousand dollars for a season of five months. Campanini, the indefatigable, received about five thousand dollars a month. A few years before he was offered ten thousand dollars a season by Conried and refused to come unless given twelve thousand dollars. Felix Mottl, who agreed to conduct anything from *Carmen* to *Siegfried*, was among the first to obtain twenty-five thousand dollars a season. Toscanini and Mahler (who agreed to conduct only two operas a week) earned a like sum. Though not identified especially with opera, Herr Nikisch, of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year; Wilhelm Gericke ten thousand dollars and Wasili Safonoff twenty thousand dollars.

The recent tours of composers conducting their own operas have met with little success in this country. Puccini's visit was purely personal; Saint-Saëns confined himself solely to concerts. The sincere and persistent Leoncavallo failed miserably. Mascagni, his rival, fared even worse: he was engaged in 1902 for fifteen weeks "to produce and himself conduct not more than eight performances of opera and concerts a week." He was to receive sixty thousand dollars in weekly payments of four thousand dollars. His experiences were disastrous, but, like most foreigners, he misjudged the standards to which we had become accustomed. It is not that the American understands music better than the others, but name magic is his disease, and if he does not actually appreciate the best, he wants to know he is getting it.

George Middleton.

TIN-TYPES OF FICTION

I—À LA WHARTON

* * * * *

LYDIA sighed deep as the brougham-door snapped in well-bred pianissimo, and settled back upon the cushions with a feeling of relief so poignant as to be in itself almost a pang. No flushed faces, no hard glitter of jewels here—nor, thank God, that harder glitter of desirous eyes. She had an odd sense of safety, remoteness: as if she were back in Sotheby Castle . . . or, her second thought, and one that pleased her better, as if she lay at last beneath the protecting marble of Sotheby Church.

She had, we know, been under no illusions about marriage, about life, even from the start; Lady Glazemere had taken care of that. Yet how could any one have been prepared for such ineptitudes of fate as had actually, in the event, become her portion? It was all, she assured herself with a kind of unbelieving desperation, a fluke, an irony, a meaningless fiasco. She would not be bothered; she was, in effect, dead. And for a quarter-hour, at least (swiftly she reckoned it) no rude touch would be laid upon her to hale her back to life; or rather, as she reflected bitterly, to set her galvanically jigging among those other dolls, male and female, who make up the thing known as society.

"To sleep: perchance to dream"; too well she knew how impossible, even for a quarter-hour, rest was become for her. . . . Even now, like a leer out of the dark, came the memory of the night at Littlehurst, the Vienna rencontre, the scene—so trivial it seemed at the time—in the billiard-room at Sotheby: all the too-familiar links in that chain of circumstance which had dragged her where she was. Yes, Chance, not Providence,

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not even Fate, was, she now perceived, to be recognised as the bungling weaver of the shoddy fabric one called life. . . . Suppose, for example, Time—a few minutes, a minute only—had yielded opportunity for the necessary play of quibble and subterfuge on the occasion of the Littlehurst episode; could it have had its otherwise inevitable connotations in the eyes of Lord Arthur? Suppose, again, Lord Arthur's innuendo, with its chance patness, had not succeeded in stripping her, for the instant, bare before him, not a stitch of decorum, of decency even, left upon her. And then there was the Fanny affair! that most impossible contretemps at Kensington: one's worst enemy in one's set to meet one under such conditions—in such companionship. . . .

Damn Fanny!

The simple expletive soothed her, and, soothing, aroused. Was she, then, Lydia, to prove herself unsportsmanlike, a coward, what Ned called a "quitter"? Besides, she might easily recoup herself. What was the loss of a hundred guineas or so; had she not still her diamonds? Another rubber or two, prefaced by a glass of Pommery, a single little glass, and balanced with a cigarette, and they should see. . . .

She rapped sharply to the coachman, who had already made a chrysalis of himself with his furs, and was in the act of lifting the reins. It was half-past one and a cold, clear morning. Lydia paused on the curb, her head thrown back involuntarily, her ironical gaze fixed for an instant, as if in challenge, on the blazing stars.

"Back at six sharp," she called lightly in the direction of the impassive fur bundle on the box; and so swept onward and upward to Fanny.

II—Hopsmithian Fable

I happened to be riding in a diligence the first time I ever saw the good Dindin. You remember that diligence, the one with the bottle-nosed driver that runs between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées. The vehicle was crowded when I got in, but everybody instinctively made place for me, so that I lost no time in setting up my combination easel, writing-desk and draughting-board and getting to work. At the moment, if I recall it, I was busy with a Venetian sketch, the specifications for a new lighthouse at Jersey City, and a contract tale of pathos for "The Fast Set." Naturally, I lost nothing of what went on about me, and was amused at the attention, and, I could not help seeing, admiration, with which my travelling companions regarded me from the moment of my entrance. It was the usual diligence crowd—haunch of bourgeoisie, sauce Parisienne—the latter with boulevardier, grisette and militaire as its chief ingredients. Worthy people all, no doubt, and capable on acquaintance of entertaining a high regard for me. Some day I am going to tell you about them if you are good.

As for Dindin, he chanced to sit at my right elbow, a tall, thin, muscular fellow, hawk-nosed and bright of eye, a man you could not help liking. We took a fancy to each other then and there. Encouraged by my affability, in half a minute he was telling me the story of his life. I cannot give you the man; you would have to hear his voice, see the flash of his eye, the curl of his lip, the quick gesticulation of his lavender-gloved hands—all as I heard and saw them. But you shall have his story; it went something like this:

* * * * *

With the last words his intonation described a downward curve, and I more than fancied a sudden dimness in the black eye. The diligence came to a stop. Our hands met for an instant in a firm grasp; and so we parted.

Forever? By no means. Thrice since then have I and Dindin foregathered, who shall say by chance? . . . Once on the Nile; once in a shabby little out-of-the-way restaurant, Leeds Street, Soho; and once—well, where do you think?—on a bench in Central Park. Some day, no doubt, we are destined to meet again. Who knows where—on some sleepy Dutch canal or the topknot of the Jungfrau? Of one thing you may be sure, when that time comes, he will stride up to me, my friend Dindin, both arms outstretched, a look of delight, well-nigh adoration, on the hawk-features which are to others, I take it, forbidding enough.

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We shall embrace, we shall talk our fill; and we shall be content.

III.—The Jacobite Way

When first he heard the crude American voice of the judge rap out, or, shall we say, not too venturously, slobber out the on the whole expected—how could it be otherwise?—sentence, his instinct was, precisely, to laugh. Not that certain appropriated chambers of his cerebellum were not fitted out, yes, full to the brim with solicitudes, compunctions: qualms, you understand, of the sort that make loafers of themselves upon the cross-roads corner where, for once in a way, the chariots of the mind and the, if I make myself clear, garbage-wagons of the flesh meet, even impinge, more or less lamentably, on the whole, one would say. But there was a thing about him that would have helped any one who knew him, who had really penetrated beneath the hairy cuticle of him, and who might have been gifted at this moment to pry out, wonderfully, from his face, with its brown impassiveness, the fact of that impulse, toward the end of perceiving it to be, if untimely, not unseemly, least of all hysterical or womanish. For he was of a humour; yes, no such person could, grossly, have failed to make out that of him; for that was to know him, that was, you comprehend, *him*. So, inevitably, it compensated at this hour, as it had so often during that so animated, so rare experience of his, for whatever inconvenience of fact. So the nudity of his deed had decked itself to his consciousness with what softening and alleviation of colour, of light and shade. To have heaved a brick at his wife's head, not ineffectually: some such gross form the achievement, he observed, would have taken in the public mind. The public! When, he must have often considered during those months which interposed their inaction, their seclusion, between arrest and trial, when does the public ever get things right? When has it ever been aware of, he would not affront his intelligence by saying the nuance, the more delicate consideration, but the cloud which, patently, shuts out the sun at noonday? Here, now, was a case. They should not have his laughter; that was for him to hug, amorously, jealously, somewhere under his midriff. Suspension by the neck, then, was to be the end, the cure, beautifully, of his—but no! the thing will not, need not, utter itself. Let us who discern prove ourselves of a delicacy, of a reticence, of a taste not without resemblance, however remote, to his own. This tribute, this votive wreath, were, we must believe, that thing, utterly, he would have wished of us. Incidentally, no doubt, it would be to be noted. . . .

John Wolcott.

THE AUTHOR'S VADE MECUM

OR the benefit of novelists we have compiled the following invaluable list of stock phrases. No "best seller" is complete without them. We offer them only to such romancers as are regularly enrolled on our paid subscription list.

"But why do I tell you all this?" she murmured.

"General! The lad who wishes to see you says that his name is Lafayette."

He flicked his last louis on the red—and won!

June, with its roses has come again.

And so, they two, hand in hand, passed together into the scented and mysterious night.

"Brandy! Brandy! For God's sake, fetch brandy!"

The doctor looked down at the white face on the pillow. His eyes were grave; his lips were set.

"Remember, Chalkley! I am at home to no one."

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In that brief moment his entire life passed in review before him.

But when, at last, the lights of the village came into view.

The hand of time had dealt lightly with that gentle face.

"It is enough for me, dear, that you are what you are; that you are simply *you*," she faltered.

He could be there in an hour. There might yet be time.

"Helen! You have been mad to-night."

She lifted the sleeping babe in her arms—a new mother-light dawning in her eyes.

"And now, as if even *that* were not enough, you follow me here to torment me and to witness my daygur-r-raday-shun."

His child, he mused. His very own. Oh! the mystery and beauty of it all.

She breathed more freely. One danger had at least been passed.

He turned in dismay and beheld before him a majestic figure robed in red. He gazed into a pair of searching eyes—they were the eyes of Cardinal Richelieu.

The girl's pure lips were lifted to his in sweet surrender.

"No! No! Not that! Anything, Harold, anything but that."

All eyes were fixed admiringly upon her as she swept majestically down the aisle.

And then, in the pale light of the garden, he drew her, unresisting, to his arms.

What, she wondered, was the secret of the strange power that this man exerted over her?

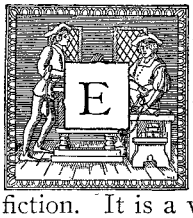
P. S. In the above list no mention has been made of such rusty and worn-out phrases as: (1) She threw herself on the bed and burst into a passionate flood of tears. (2) A dull, sickening thud. (3) A solitary horseman might have been seen. These expressions are obsolete and should be avoided by all self-respecting novelists.

Francis W. Crowninshield.

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

VIII—In and Around Harlem



EIGHT years ago, a gentleman who was much interested in literary associations wrote a book which described New York City as seen through the medium of fiction. It is a very interesting book and contains a large number of fascinating illustrations made by the author himself. But after all, one is struck by the fact that it has so much to do with the lower part of Manhattan Island—Printing House Square, State Street, Vesey Street, Mott Street, the Ghetto, South Fifth Avenue, Washington Square and Middle Broadway. Anything above Fifty-ninth Street is regarded as wildly and strangely "uptown"—too remote, in fact, to have any really human interest. The fiction-writers seem to have viewed the upper portions of New York very much as the French view all of the world which lies outside of France—lumping all foreign lands under the vaguely collective expression *Là-bas*.

A sort of an apology for this is given in the following sentences:*

> Among the parts of New York which have been ignored in fiction, Harlem is strikingly prominent. Perhaps this is in a measure due to the swiftness of its growth and the constant changes in its architectural aspect and social conditions from year to year. The ubiquitous Mr. Fawcett has occasionally alluded to it. Mrs. Anna Katharine Greene has used it as the background of one or two

*New York in Fiction. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Pp. 191, 192. (New York, 1901.)

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of her sensations, but it wholly lacks the charm of maturity which appeals to the literary temperament, and has, justly or unjustly, been regarded as dull and commonplace.

That is to say, all of New York below Harlem is replete with romantic interest; and, after you get past Harlem, there is an historic background upon which writers of fiction may project vivid pictures and scenes in which the actual is artfully blended with the imaginative. But Harlem, which lies between, has not "the maturity which appeals to the literary temperament." Now I may venture to claim a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with this writer to take liberties with his opinions. It is perfectly true, as he has said, that Harlem has not yet made its way into the field of fiction. No one has touched it with fancy or peopled it with the creations of an artistic brain. But this does not mean that Harlem is "dull and commonplace." It means only that it has not yet been discovered. Again, there are more kinds of "literary temperament" than one. I do not lay claim to the possession of that higher form of literary temperament which can take the realities of life and make them radiant with iridescent colour. But I do believe that I can see things as they are and record them with some fidelity. Be it mine, therefore, humbly to take the reader by the hand and lead him into Harlem. Let me be the first to chronicle the facts, and then perhaps others will come after me to touch the facts with fancy.

Indeed, the swiftness of Harlem's growth and "the constant changes in its architectural aspect and social conditions" so far from repelling a writer of novels and short tales, ought rather to attract him. Why should the mutations of Harlem—its kaleidoscopic variety—be less stirring to the imagination than the swift transformation scenes which Australia and California and the regions of the Yukon have witnessed in their time? If they inspired respectively the glowing genius of Charles Reade and the sentiment of Bret Harte and the vocabulary of Jack London, why should there not presently arise a novelist who will make us thrill in every nerve over the life that is led in Harlem? Poetry has fallen into disrepute of late, but still, some hitherto mute, inglorious Kipling may soon find his voice and give us ballads of Little Coney Island, and Washerwoman's Row in the mood of Realism, or of the bastioned heights of Morningside in the spirit of Romanticism. For my part, I cannot understand why there may not be as much pathos and humour and tragedy in a Harlem flat as Balzac ever found within the walls of the Pension Vauquer.

All this is by way of prelude—perhaps a prelude painful in its prolixity. So let us put aside such profitless excogitation and proceed upon our little journey into Harlem. There are probably a million people in New York who have lived there all their lives, yet who could not inform you just where Harlem has its real beginning. Technically, it may be said to commence with Columbia's South Field and to extend northward until it meets the vast frog-peopled stretches of the Bronx. Yet you begin to feel the influence of Harlem before you actually come to it—a very subtle, indefinable sort of feeling, but one which, nevertheless, you will perceive, if your nature is at all sensitive to the influence of topography.

There are many ways of approaching Harlem; but the ideal way is to walk up West End Avenue, beginning in the middle Nineties. West End Avenue deserves an essay by itself; for it arouses in the mind innumerable speculations, and thoughts that are involved to a degree. To the outward eye it is a broad and well-kept avenue, lined with substantial and often handsome houses, all of them conspicuously new. The architecture is a bit flamboyant. There is much stone carving and fretted work, and many high-reared approaches of massive stone. The windows are of the best plate-glass and are immaculately neat. The *trottoir* is broad with ample flagstones. There is no avenue on Manhattan Island more congruous or more complete after its own fashion.

Yet, as you pass along its thoroughfare, getting glimpses of the Hudson in the distance, you have a strange uncanny feeling that this is *not* New York. It is much easier to note the difference than to assert just what it is.

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I am inclined to think that here is in reality No-Man's Land and that it is populated by those who may be best described in the cryptic and yet expressive statement that "they don't *belong*." Certainly they don't belong to the old New York below them, and they are not of the old New Yorkers. On the other hand, West End Avenue is not Harlem, nor have its people become so remote from the lower portions of Manhattan as to be enrolled of right among the frankly emancipated citizens of Harlem. West End Avenue is probably a social Alsatia—not a swashbuckling, roaring, bohemian Alsatia, like that depicted by Sir Walter Scott; but rather a smug Alsatia into which families have crept as a place of refuge against the time when they really will "belong." It is only a speculation of mine, but I fancy that West End Avenue shelters many a household which had its beginnings far downtown, in the purlieus of Third Avenue with a gradual creeping up to Seventh Avenue and Eighth Avenue, each stage of advance being marked by an increase of the family treasure. At one end, we may see perhaps a small thread-and-needle shop, and then a somewhat larger establishment with strictly cash customers. The father is the proprietor. The sons are the floor-walkers. The mother and the daughters look after the accounts in some mysterious cage that is concealed from general view. Then there is a further stage of evolution which is marked by the possession of an "emporium" somewhere on Eighth Avenue or Columbus Avenue. There is much money made in this emporium, though its customers are individually unimportant. But now the mother and the daughters disappear from the establishment. It is the sons who take their place within the cage; while the father has an office in the upper regions, inaccessible to all save such as are particularly favoured.

By this time the family has severed all its old associations. It has carefully forgotten the friends of former days. The women, with the social ambition of their sex, are planning to emerge from their long obscurity into surroundings where they can begin, as it were, a new existence. It is for them and in order to supply this need of theirs, that the upper part of West End Avenue was built. Here they remain for a time in a state of semi-isolation. They have not yet taken root. They are learning and they are waiting. They have spent much money upon externals and they are hoping after a while to make that final leap which will give them an assured position, with new and thoroughly established friends and with the thousand ties which, like interlacing ivies, unite tall, firmly rooted trees. But in West End Avenue they know scarcely any one as yet. They are doubtful of their neighbours, for they believe these neighbours to be like unto themselves. They are called upon by the "pastor" of their place of worship, and they have small teas and minor social entertainments at which the guests are carefully selected; but they are very careful not to make mistakes. They aspire dumbly. They read *Town Topics* and the "society news" in the Sunday papers. They are not quite certain as to how they ought to treat the servants. But before them there gleams a faint mirage in which they see with fear and hopeful trembling the time when they will perhaps in reality "belong."

If there is something timid in the social expectancy of those who live within these houses in upper West End Avenue, their timidity is certainly balanced by the boldness of the artists who were allowed to embellish the architecture of the mansions themselves. Somewhere about One Hundredth Street you may note with interest the clash of two conflicting schools. One I may venture to call the Zoölogico-Mythical School of Art as applied to exterior decoration, and the other may be roughly styled the Modernised-Anachronistic-Classical School. The masters of these two schools met, as it were, in a struggle for artistic supremacy at a strategic point not far from the street which I have just mentioned. One of them was turned loose in one block, while the other was allowed to work his will in the block immediately above. One slashed in red sandstone, and the other in a sort of gray stone of which I do not know the name. The results are rare and wonderful. I imagine that the Zoölogico-Mythical artist had read four or five bestiaries of the thirteenth cen-

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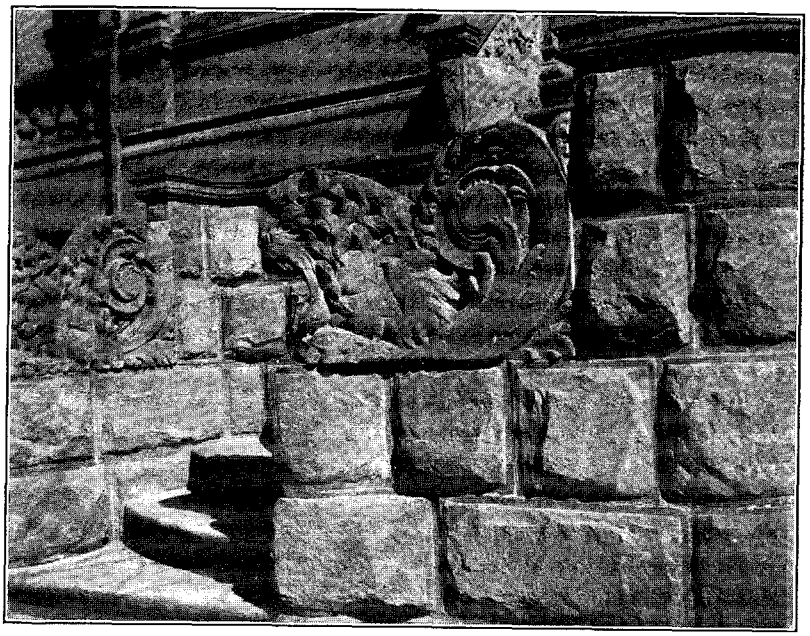
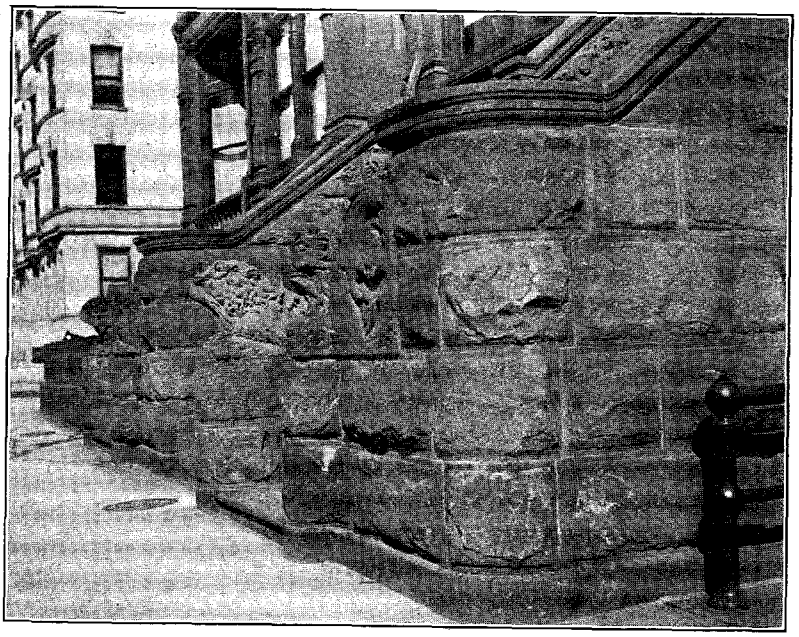


"ANYHOW, THE FRONTS OF THE HOUSES WHICH HE ASSAILED ARE STUDDED HEAVILY WITH GRIFFINS"



"THEY JUT OUT FROM THE HIGH STONE STEPS AND SNARL AND GRIN AT YOU AS YOU GO BY. *THEY WOULD CONVERT* ANY JOVIAL SOUL TO TOTAL ABSTINENCE IF HE CAME UPON THEM IN A HURRY"

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tury, that he had then dipped into the famous *Physiologus* through the medium of a translation made in Hoboken, and that finally, after drinking six cocktails, he had plunged at the façades of these houses, determined to annihilate his Modernised-Anachronistic-Classical rival. Anyhow, the fronts of the houses which he assailed are studded heavily with griffins. At least, I suppose they are griffins. I never saw a griffin myself, but unless these lapidary monsters are griffins, they can't be anything at all. They jut out from the high stone steps and snarl and grin at you as you go by. They would convert any jovial soul to total abstinence if he were to come upon them in a hurry. There are griffins above and griffins below and curly-tailed griffins squatting in the middle. I hardly know how to express my admiration of them; so perhaps I had better give the untutored testimony of a small boy whom I discovered sauntering up the avenue while the griffins were being photographed for me. There is nothing like getting a first-hand impression from one who has not had his mind sophisticated by too much talk about Art. So I gently propelled the small boy into the neighbourhood of the griffins, and after he had looked at them, I asked him what he thought of them. His opinion was brief but comprehensive. What he said was—

"Gee!"

I doubt whether Lessing or Furtwängler could really have expressed so much in many volumes.

However, I must confess that after wandering around these griffins for a certain length of time, they seem to me a bit too violent both in form and colour to be perpetually pleasing. Therefore it is with satisfaction that I pass on to the Modernised-Anachronistic-Classical exhibition on the block above. The artist who is responsible for it showed a fine sense of self-restraint. His fancy —or perhaps I should rather say his cultivated taste—led him to express himself chiefly through the medium of medallions carved on the stone pillars which support the steps of the different houses that he adorned. Everywhere he is classical, whether he indulges in fruits or flowers, or whether he plunges into mythology or into classical antiquity. His pomegranates are superb. They suggest to you at once enormous peanuts just emerging from the shell. I suppose that Alcinoüs in Phæacia had peanuts such as these. The fact that the pomegranates resemble peanuts, gives proof of the subtle way in which this master has imparted a modern, not to say an American, touch to the subjects which he has immortalised afresh. Take his medallions, for example. On one of them is the god Hermes with his winged cap. Yet to represent Hermes as Praxiteles represented him in classic Hellas would have convicted the artist of a lack of progress. Shall a West End Avenue sculptor slavishly copy old Praxiteles? Is an American of the twentieth century willing to admit that he is not "up to date"? No, *sir!* Not on your life! Therefore, while he has given Hermes the winged *petasus,* he has likewise supplied him with a fine curly mustache which makes him resemble General George A. Custer as he appeared at the battle of the Little Big Horn. It was a daring thing to show Hermes with whiskers; yet as in the case of all great artistic efforts, this daring

HERMES WITH THE WHISKERS

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AT THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE

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has justified itself. So, too, coming down from mythology to history, we have another medallion which is evidently the head of Alexander the Great, though he wears a Prussian *Pickelhaube*. One is, therefore, to understand that this is Alexander the Great as he appeared at the battle of Gravelotte. You somehow conceive the notion that after the battle, Alexander went off to a secluded corner and regaled himself with *Leberwurst*.

It is not for me, however, with my limited knowledge of Art, to describe even imperfectly all these masterpieces of genius. Let us hurry on and emerge from West End Avenue into upper Broadway. There is one corner that is gratefully French—with Archambauld's café fronted by trees in tubs; and on another the Hotel Marseille—the last place for a really good dinner until you reach Clairmont. What a pity that in its white and green and cheerful restaurant they speak of the *maître garçon* as "the Captain!" Here Broadway displays magnificent structures in the style of Renaissance, and also an acre of billboard plastered over with theatrical advertisements and posters exhibiting a young man pointing his finger directly at you, and telling you (in big letters) that "Your credit is good." It gives you a comfortable feeling to be assured in this public way that your credit is good; and so you pass up Broadway, *capite aperto*, with a jaunty air, until you cross an imaginary line and find yourself within the boundaries of Harlem.

It seems a pleasant place; for the river still meets your eye upon the left, and you pass a pile of stately buildings and turn into a grove where, in the early springtime, you may enjoy the scents of coming summer. This is no ordinary spot. Stroll across the turf and stand just within a noble gateway flanked by stone work. Through it you may see a very interesting structure across the street. It is an institution of learning, or at least it is affiliated with an institution of learning; and at its doors there enter or issue at certain hours of the day uncounted numbers of women who are working there upon almost every subject that you can conceive of. They are being

"AN ACRE OF BILLBOARD PLASTERED OVER WITH THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENTS AND POSTERS EXHIBITING A YOUNG MAN POINTING HIS FINGER AT YOU"

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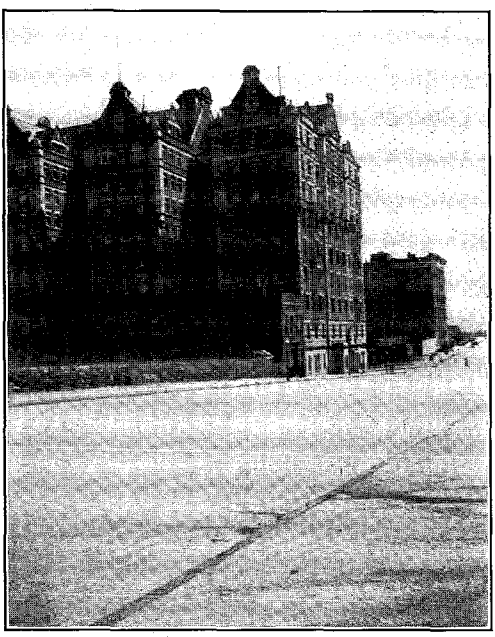
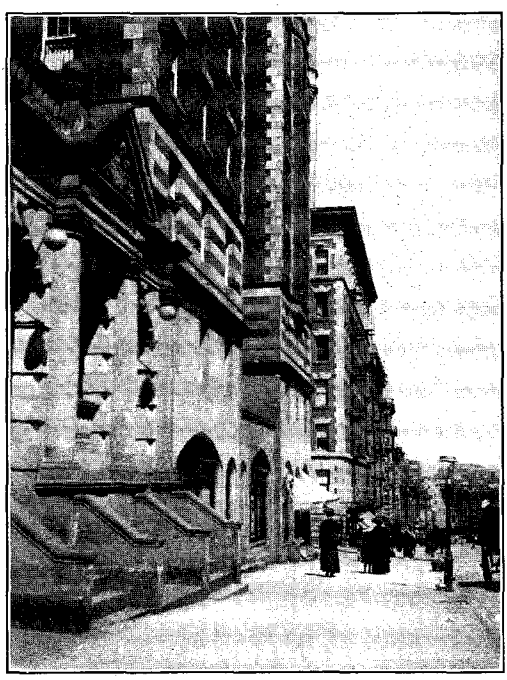


"MOST OF THEM LIVE IN A GREAT TOWERING MASS OF BUILDINGS MADE OF RED BRICK AND LIGHT STONE, AND BEARING THE NAMES OF THREE AMERICAN POETS"

educated in Education, in Pragmatism, and in Domestic Science—which sounds better than making beds and cooking—and some of them are attending courses on the Psychology of Sex. I believe that no woman is permitted to hear lectures on the Psychology of Sex unless she is thirty years of age, and this naturally makes the course what some of its members would style "exclusive." Yet the restriction seems a rather strange one; since if a woman who has reached the age of thirty cannot give points to any man on the Psychology of Sex, then it is quite certain that she will never know anything at all.

But just consider all these women who come streaming out multitudinously and in an infinite variety. There are tall women, and there are short women; there are stout women, and there are slender women; there are young women, and there are old women; there are women who have a purpose, and there are other women who think they have a purpose; and still more numerous are those who think that they think they have a purpose. Some of them wear spectacles and twist their hair up into a little knot, while their skirts yawn in trying to meet their waists. Others are cut in two by blazing belts. Still others go hatlessly about. But they all have an eager and yet jaded look, because this work means much to them, or else they think it does, which is very much the same. Most of them live in a great towering mass of buildings made of red brick and light stone and bearing the names of three American poets. It is wonderful to think of so many women crowded into these sky-piercing structures—women in full measure, pressed down and running over. Some of them have come great distances to labour hard for a diploma, and not a few are staking on the effort the money which they have hoarded up for years and years. It is their presence which has made this part of Harlem leap with a sort of galvanic thrill of life. Not long ago there were open fields and craggy rocks and only a few squatters' huts in all this section. Now the great bastioned towers, filled with women, dominate the scene; while, as if by magic, there have sprung up tea-rooms, lunch-rooms, druggists' shops and



THE END OF HAIRPIN ALLEY

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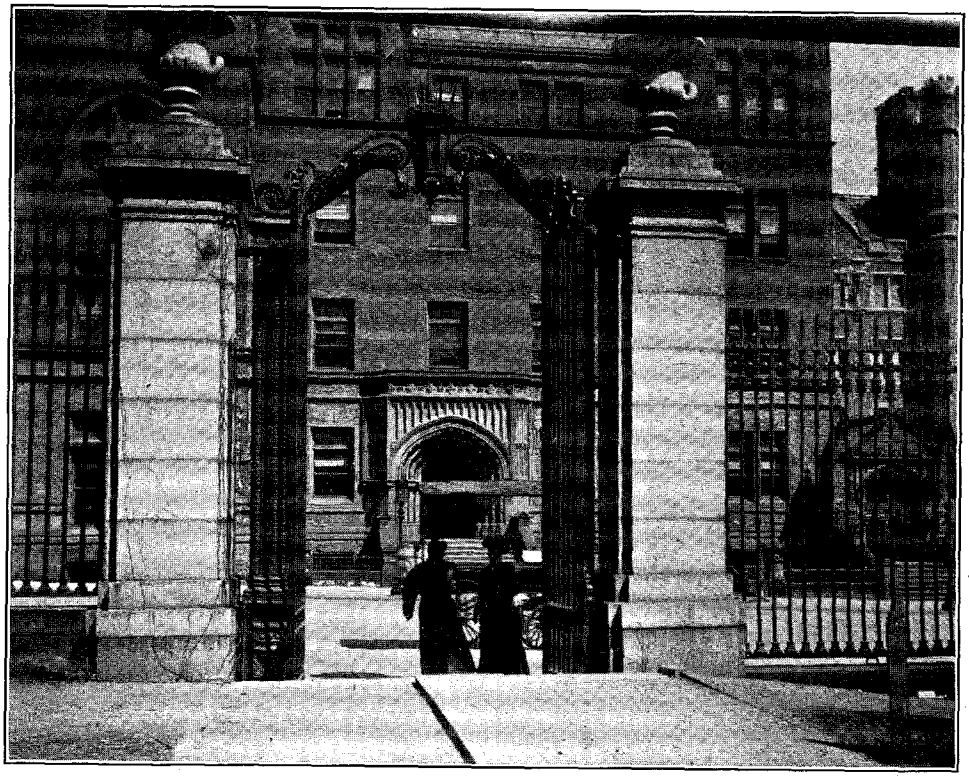
delicatessen places, and florists and manicures and tailors and vendors of stationery.

I should imagine that a single one of these repositories for note-books must make a fortune every year; for is not the note-book habit the one which every woman in the place acquires? They take notes hour after hour and week after week, chasing after the words of the instructor in a fever of excitement. These note-books are precious beyond description even though the notes may be hopelessly incorrect. None the less, they are the outward and visible signs of what each girl or woman has accomplished. If you yourself believe that you know something of the Psychology of Sex, you might imagine that somewhere here the little god would chance to shoot an arrow. Perhaps this may be so. Select an early summer evening, when the soft wind from the river sighs through the tree-tops of the grove, and presently you will find the inevitable combination of a woman and a man. They are walking idly in the shadows that are chequered by the moonlight. It is exceedingly bad form to listen to a conversation which is not meant for you, especially at such a time and place as this. Yet the behests of science urge you on, and you stealthily approach the slowly moving pair. She is perhaps a girl who has given some touches of adornment to her person. He is probably a man who looks as though his diet were composed entirely of breakfast foods.



THE BEGINNING OF HAIRPIN ALLEY

Nevertheless they are man and woman, and Nature is very strong. The moon is shining overhead. They think they are quite alone. What are they murmuring together?

"I don't quite understand just what the continuity of the Ego depends upon. Do you, Mr. Briggs? I think that Professor Swabb said that there was needed a preliminary occultation of the—what did he say?"

"Well, *I* think he said that it wasn't a

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"IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP YOU MAY SEE DISPLAYED A SNOW-WHITE GOAT"

preliminary occultation but a sort of psychic—er—that is—well I don't quite remember, but it's in my note-book."

"Well, I don't remember either, so I think I must hurry home and see. It is really very late."

And so they part, each going to a note-book in a stuffy room, unconscious of all the beauty and the freedom of the glorious night and of the great vault of heaven, scintillant with its myriads of stars.

From the open door, eastward to the corner, and then north, hundreds of thousands of women's feet go back and forth each year. If you choose to walk along the pavement and there look down, you will find at least one hairpin every minute. For this is Hairpin Alley. It begins where I have indicated, continues around the corner where there stands a chemist's shop, and ends in the middle of a block where there are pillars and stairways of stone, and a great open double door which swallows up this tide of femininity. In the chemist's shop you may see displayed a snow-white goat. There was a time when Harlem was believed to be given up to goats entirely. Yet this stuffed animal in the chemist's window is labelled, "Nellie, the Last of the Harlem Goats."

It is at this corner that the hairpins lie the thickest. Gather a handful, if you will, and lay them out before you and see what each can tell of her who wore and lost it.

One of them is long and straight, except for a sort of defiant twist in the middle. Its late wearer must be defiant, uncompromising and almost grim. She is taking education by the throat, so to speak, and forcing it to exude something that will be to her advantage. Elsewhere she is the sort of woman who blocks the approach to a ticket-office while she bullies the agent behind the wicket, or bursts in upon a waiting line, elbowing her way to a place that is not her own. What does she care for the amenities? If she ever heard of them she regards them as something only to be mocked at. She is a "strong-arm" woman with a raucous voice. Her tones are loud and harsh in public dining-rooms. The only thing for which she has a real respect is the note-book and the professor. She is tall and angular with a skirt of rusty black and some kind of a waist that is out of perpendicular. Her hair is grizzled, and from contact with it, this hairpin seems to be a little grizzled, too.

Then there is the smaller, straighter, smoother hairpin, bent somewhat outward by one who has thrust it into place

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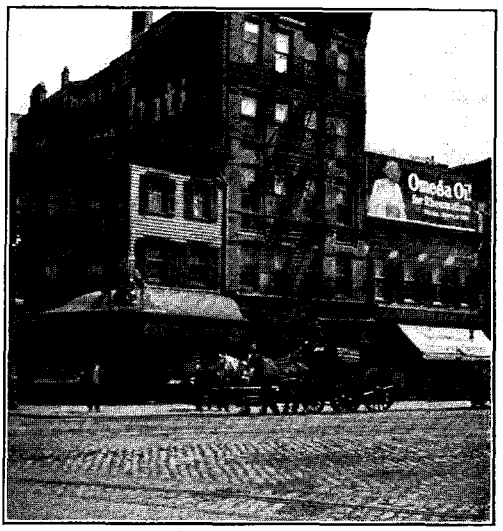
in a hasty, careless manner as though fearing lest she should be late to lectures. This one is a younger woman and she has the traces of what were once good looks; but her eyes are beginning to be dulled and her brain bemused by low living and a pathetic attempt at high thinking through the assistance of the note-book. There was a time when she was softer and gentler and when she might have really lived and loved. But her cheeks have grown hollow, her hair is in disorder. She thinks little of how she dresses, and she talks only in the vocabulary that one hears on Hairpin Alley.

A third and still more delicate bit of wire brings to mind a girl who is not yet thirty. Sometimes she looks over the greensward and up into the sky, and she still has dreams of other things than classrooms and syllabi and note-books. Her hands are rather pretty, even though they are grimed by her everlasting pencil-writing. Could some one catch her now and rescue her and tell her that "education" is mostly sham, she would be a grateful Andromeda to a valiant Perseus. But the toils are closing fast around her, and before long she will have crossed the line and will have taken her place definitely in the ranks of her unhappy sisters to whom Manual Training and Extension Teaching and Theoretical Philanthropy and Household Chemistry represent all the realities of life. She will never be a grim, gaunt grenadier like the first of those whom I have reconstructed for you. She will always be patient and pathetic—



"WASHERWOMAN'S ROW BRISTLES WITH FIRE-ESCAPES AND TIN SIGNS"

yes, infinitely pathetic, so that one could almost shed a tear over this expressive hairpin.

And then there is the little, slender hairpin—"invisible hairpins" I think they call them—with a ripple of curves on each side and a certain coquetry suggested by the very sight of it. The girl who dropped this does not care for "education." She may think she does, but she is grievously mistaken. She has a note-book like the rest, but she cannot make out the scribbles that she has made in it. She comes very likely from the South or from the West, and in her heart there bubbles up a rill of fun. She is

"IN ONE VACANT FIELD THERE IS A MIGHTY ROCK"

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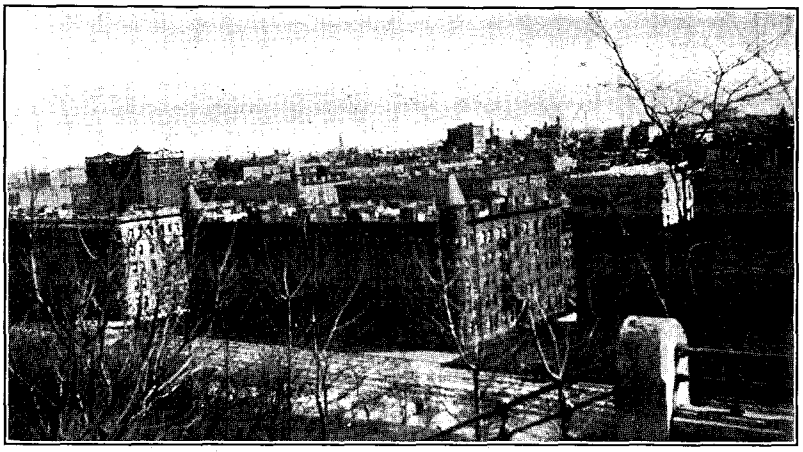
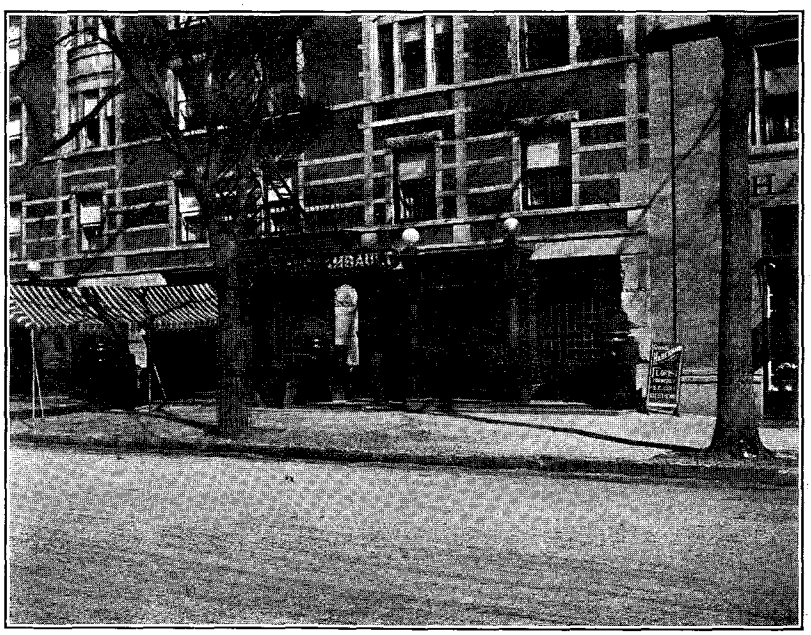


"THIS VAST DISTRICT IS THE BLOOMSBURY OR CLAPHAM JUNCTION, AND THE PEOPLE ARE THE PETITES GENS, OF NEW YORK"

here because some one has told her that she ought to be here; but she manages to extract amusement from her stay. Her head with its fluffy hair is rather empty of ideas; yet she chatters briskly; she eats sondhis in the druggist's where the goat looks from the window; and sometimes in the evening she sits for a few moments on the steps with a man—perhaps a real Man—who tells her pleasant things and, when he leaves her, manages to hold her hand a trifle longer than is necessary. She does not tell him, nor does she tell any of her companions, that somewhere in the South or West there is another man who has a claim upon her. Up in the eighteenth floor of one of the great brick and white buildings, and tucked away carefully in a corner of her trunk is an engagement ring such as girls



"THE GREEN AND WHITE INSERTED GALLICISM OF ARCHAMBAULT'S"

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wear in Kokomo or Milledgeville. On coming to New York she has discreetly drawn it from her finger and hidden it away. Why should she warn off the casual men who are attracted by her pretty face and who will take her out to see Grant's Tomb or to eat ice cream in some contiguous tea-room? She will go back to Kokomo or to Milledgeville at the end of the year with a demure look upon her face and the ring once more upon her finger; and great will be her prestige because of the period that she has spent in the vicinity of Hairpin Alley.

After you reach the termination of the Alley and look before you to the north there is nothing much that seems attractive. The broad street dips and then rises steeply, so that the cable-cars seem to be going up and down upon their noses. In one vacant field there is a mighty rock, on which perhaps the druggist's goat used to be seen; but beyond there is a dreary stretch of sordid avenue flaunting a wild and painful panorama of butchers' signs and barbers' poles and green-grocers' goods and the stock of fruiterers —Italian, Greek and German. Not far beyond is that ugly and anomalous cross-cut which is popularly known as Washerwoman's Row. It bristles with fire-escapes and tin signs, and asseverations of the virtues of Omega Oil. This is the Bowery of Harlem. Should we go still further, we should find that curious artery of trade and traffic and amusement which cuts across the upper town and which, if you walk its length, shows you a sort of composite of everything else which the metropolis contains—dilapidated dens, great shops, a row or two of trees, some theatres and then once more pure squalor. Come up here at night and you may witness the production of drama which is Harlemesque and human, though it be nothing more. *Lottie the Poor Saleslady* and *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak-Model*—these plays get down to life not altogether as it is, but as it partly is and as it partly seems to be to the inhabitants of Harlem. Or, perhaps you can listen to *Carmen* and the tuney Italian operas at a cost of fifty cents for the best seat in the house. These homes of Thespis are always crowded. Fat women are especially in evidence, and it is far better to go there when the air is cool.

But we shall not pursue our wanderings so far. Let us turn aside from Hairpin Alley, and only a few steps will take us to one of the most beautiful places upon Manhattan Island—the heights of Morningside. Years and years ago, somewhere in the sixties, the omnipotent Tweed desired to do a favour to a friend, and so he gave this friend a contract to build a mighty wall along the bluffs of Morningside—then miles away from everything. Oddly enough, this friend was honest and he was an artist, too; and hence the imposing battlement with its buttresses and massive steps stand now, after the lapse of four decades, as strong and fine as when they first were reared. Leaning over the upper wall you may look down a precipitous decline and see a maze of leaves and opening blossoms and just beyond, far underneath, a stretch of greensward, the very sight of which will bring you rest and peace. If you look no further it seems as though the City—the great sordid, steaming, sweltering City—had vanished quite away. The liquid bird-notes trill in golden music through your ears, and you wonder that this place is scarcely known to those who live a mile or two below it.

But look still farther on, and you will see a mass of buildings jammed close together. Each one is cut up into little flats, where the dark rooms give upon dingy shafts, and where the whistle of the butcher-boy comes shrilly up through the dumb-waiter. Here is where a hundred thousand human beings herd together—respectable, but dwarfed in mind and soul by the *res angusta domi*. Their fathers and sons and brothers, and sometimes the daughters, too, spend their days toiling somewhere in the mysterious regions which are collectively called "downtown"; and these fathers and sons and brothers and daughters are they who crowd the subway trains and swarm upon the elevated roads and choke the surface-cars just twice in every twenty-four hours, going to work early in the morning and coming back limp and listless in the evening. This vast district is the Bloomsbury or Clapham Junction, and the people are the *petites gens*, of New York.

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They are less happy than their British congeners because they do not have a little house for every family and a strip of green around it. They are huddled together in the everlasting flats; and the women go marketing and gossip with the janitor's wife and carry on their petty feuds with never a glimpse of the world which God intended to be theirs as well as everybody's. Some day this part of New York will yield many pages to the writer of good fiction. Its people and its life are like the people and the life which are drawn for us by Sir Walter Besant in one of his less read stories, where he describes for us what he chooses to call Clerkland.

"No one possesses a private carriage, not even the doctor; nobody keeps more than one servant; there are no dinner parties; a dress coat is absolutely not known; dinner is regarded, not as a function or religious ceremony——as it should be—but as a necessary operation, like stoking the engine—necessary but expensive even with the best management, and a thing to be jealously kept within limits. Yet, though there are no dress coats, think not that there is no society. There is a great deal of society. Young folks enjoy greater facilities for meeting each other than persons who obey a stricter law of convention and propriety. The girls get lots of pretty things to put on—as most pretty things, in fact, are cheap—though they have to make up these pretty things with their own pretty hands for their own pretty figures. As for getting engaged, they are all engaged sometimes half a dozen times over, but never more than once at a time, so lofty is the moral standard, before they finally settle down."

"The residents mostly know each other, either with familiarity and intimate friendship or with speaking acquaintance. And they know each others' private affairs: they know where every husband has his berth, and what is his salary, what his family; what his wife's method of household management, and, pretty nearly, the weekly bill of the butcher. It is not so much in a spirit of prying curiosity that this knowledge is sought—curiosity, doubtless, enters to a certain extent into the inquiry—we are but human—as in the desire to get, if possible, another wrinkle into the great and wonderful mystery of managing. For lo you! We who boast that we are men—men the creators, men the inventors, men who carry along the world, men who discover, create, enlarge—we men have never imagined or devised anything that surpasses in ingenuity, wit, contrivance, and marvels of results, the great art of management invented by woman, and carried in this suburb to its utmost perfection. It is, indeed, a miracle.

"Understand that she who has to bring up a family of six on a small income of twelve hundred dollars, to educate them, to teach them manners, to make them appear in the streets neatly and (for the girls) prettily dressed, must forever be studying this wonderful art. She does not go out to spend; she stays at home to manage; she does not buy this or that as the whim seizes her, if she thinks that she wants it; she manages. That is to say, for the most part she does without—she waits. But consider when, at last, after patient waiting, she arrives at the power of getting a thing that is to add so much to the family comfort, she purchases it with a far fuller joy, a far deeper satisfaction, a far greater thankfulness than can ever be enjoyed by that unhappy Dives who only experiences a slight sense of something lacking before he orders and buys a thing. The matron who manages gets the full flavour and enjoyment of everything that she buys or possesses.

"To be able to buy so little! That seems to outsiders who need not consider a sixpence, or even a half-crown, a most unhappy thing. Not so. The unhappiness is in being unable to live up to your own standard of material comfort. As for what is unattainable, those who live here see it not—a lofty impenetrable, unsurmountable hedge hides from them the trees which bear the fruits which they cannot pluck and eat. Some of the younger sort peep over and yearn after them, but as for the elders, they are content; they live as they have always lived, under the law of management.

"It is not, indeed, an unhappy life, that of the *petites gens*—the folk of the very small income. They have to make their things last a long while; they hardly ever have as much dinner as they could put away, had they a free hand, so to speak. Anything that cannot be made at home wants money; therefore everything that can be made at home is made there. The clever husband, with his own hands and the family gimlet, executes the little repairs of the house and furniture. Sometimes, but not often, he is so clever that he can actually make things—cabinets, chests of drawers, pic-

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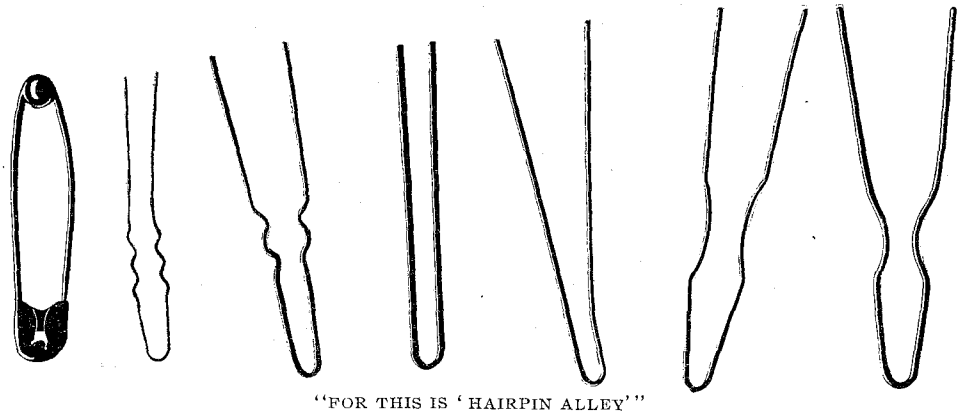
ture frames, cupboards, seats and benches. His wife does the repairs of all the garments except the boots. To the philosopher it is difficult to understand why she has not long since resolved to mend the boots as well as the socks. The one servant does the washing. It is astonishing how much may be saved when husband and wife are thrifty, and know how to manage. Above all, and as the first consideration, one must not eat or drink too much; the children are expected to finish up the bread and butter, and not to ask for more. Everything is doled; the tea by half-spoonfuls; the milk drop by drop, as if it were a precious cordial; the butter is spread thin and the cheese is cut in bits the size of dice. Well, they have always been accustomed to pare and to save—it is their life: they are never able to buy—they must manage."

I have quoted this at length just to show how rich is the field which awaits the fiction writer who shall discover Harlem and get a close and intimate acquaintance with all its phases. There is so much more to move one in these narrow lives than in the swagger of the romantic hero or the monotonous luxury of the millionaire. I feel myself that I could write a "best seller" about life in Harlem—but, of course, every one thinks that a "best seller" is easy to be written.

Nevertheless, the time will come when some one will do what Neith Boyce nearly did in her story of *A Provident Woman,* and make one feel the almost cruel power of the simple verities where men and women gather. To the coming writer of the Harlem novel, I freely present these scrappy notes, which have done scant justice to the great treasure-house which waits for a despoiler—the sandstone griffins of West End Avenue, the green and white inserted Gallicism of Archambault's, the withering womanhood of Hairpin Alley, the life that seethes in a multitude of little flats, and the romantic beauty of the sparkling river on the west and of the misty green of Morningside.



"FOR THIS IS 'HAIRPIN ALLEY'"

VOX AMORIS

I heard love singing in the dawn,
With lips made red where sleep had lain,
His cheeks were fresher than a rose
That lifts its face against the rain.

We met again at twilight time;
His eyes had grown more sad and sweet,
He bore his arrows wearily,
And dust was clinging to his feet—
But lo, his voice had changed no whit,
I knew him by the sound of it.

Sara Teasdale.

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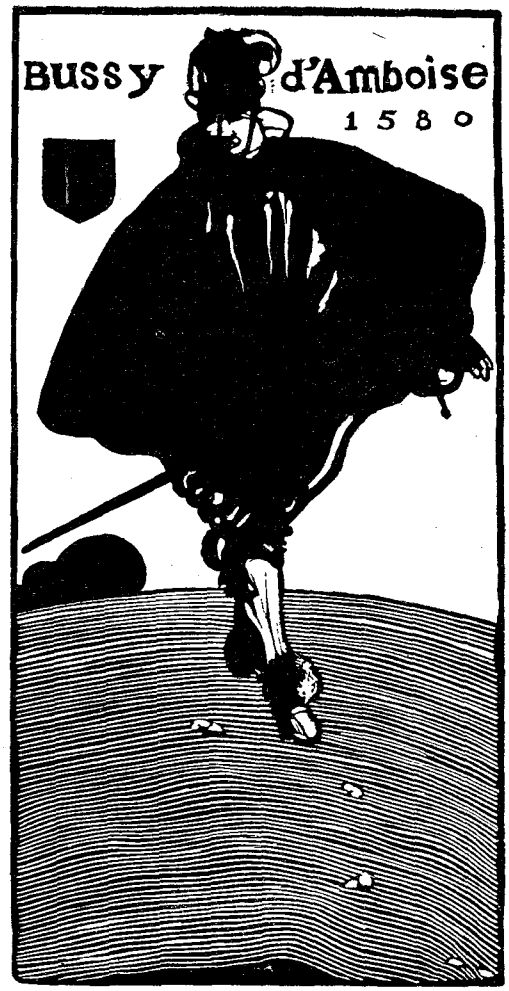
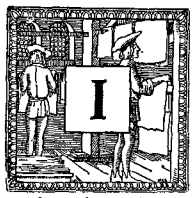


ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY GORDON CRAIG, ENGLAND

THE RETURN OF WOOD ENGRAVING



N a journey through a book," said Walter Crane, "it is pleasant to reach the oasis of a picture or an ornament, to sit awhile under the palms, to let our thoughts unburdened stray, to drink of other intellectual waters, and to see the ideas we have been pursuing, perchance, reflected in them. Thus we end as we begin, with images."

It would be an exaggeration to say that only the earlier wood-cut methods of producing book decorations and book illustrations are preferable to all modern perfected methods of illustrative reproduction. However, work produced in the earlier manner has so distinct a charm of its own that there is room, perhaps, for a little circle of pre-Bewickites, if one may christen the phrase.

There scarcely exists a more intimate form of art, fraught, as wood-engraving truly is, with the joy of doing things for the sake of art's own reward. Still the wood-cut may be looked upon as unworthily old-fashioned if it happens to

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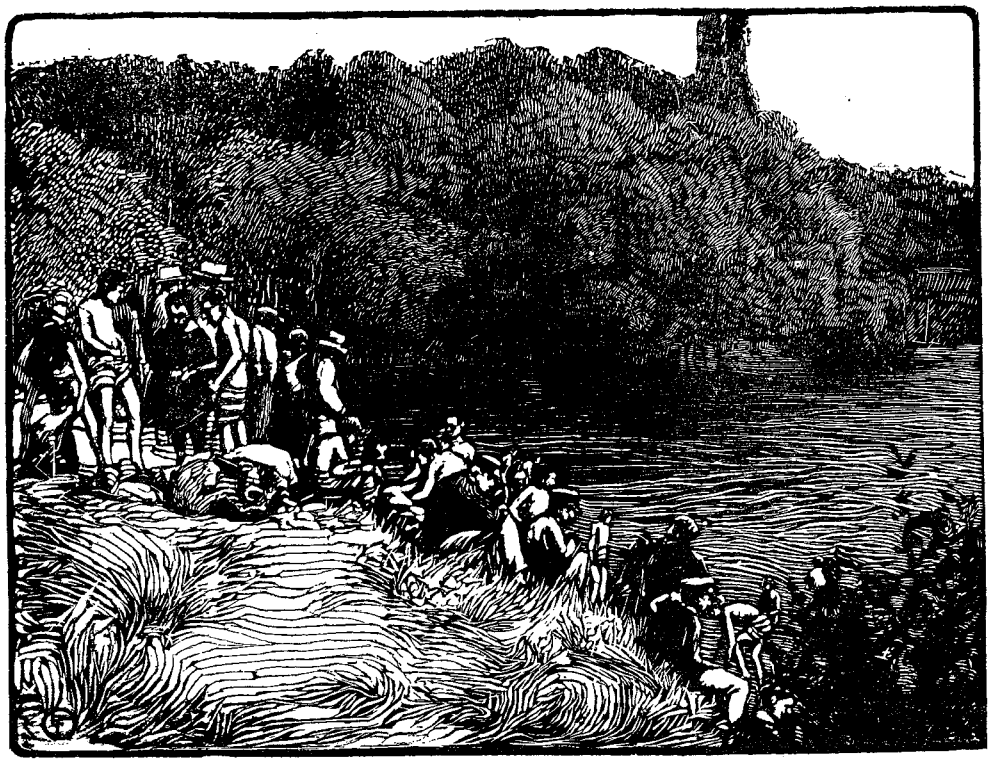

THE BATH. BY LÉON RUFFE, FRANCE

"LA PÉNICHE." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE

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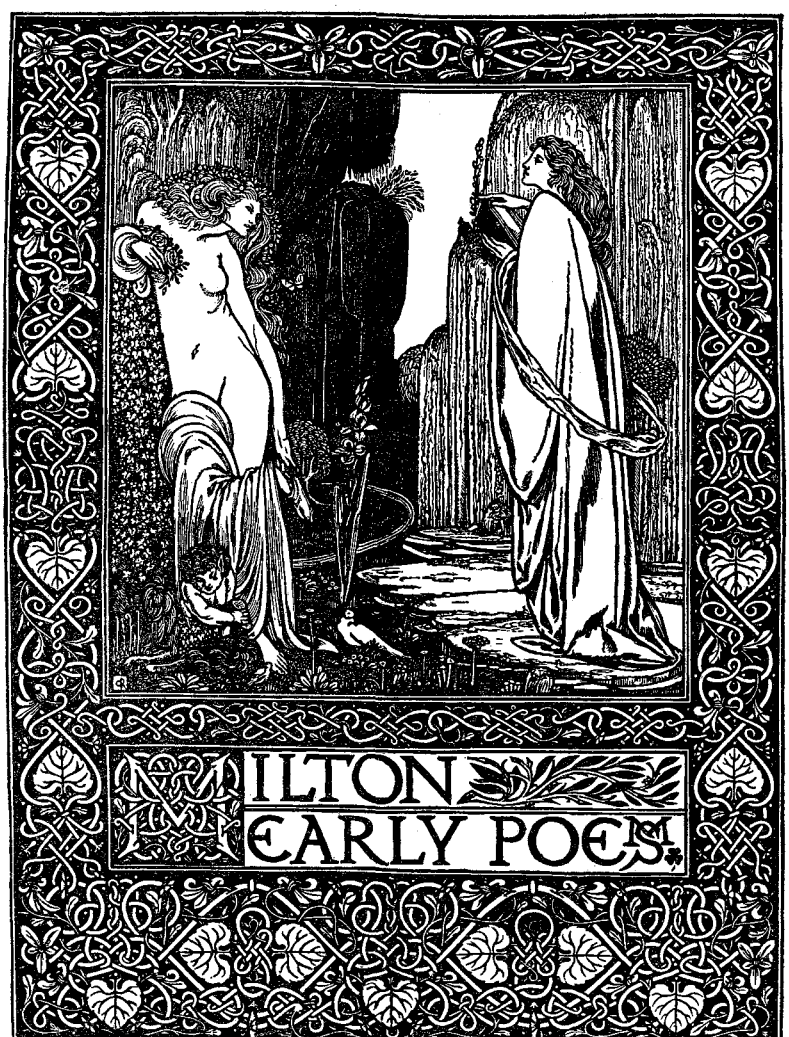
be lacking in that æsthetic accompaniment of qualities that draw our hearts to the work of the Italians of the Quattrocento, or, again, to Albrecht Dürer and others who have made wood-engraving worthy a high place in intellectual estimation. A few years ago its entire direction was that of decline and mediocrity, vainly attempting to hide, as so often is the case, under the bursting bushel of technical dexterity.

The Pre-Raphaelite painters caught the spark in designing for wood-cuts, but, alas! for many years few have followed their impulses. Indeed it is to be wondered at that artists should have come to neglect for so long a time this mode of expression, which is one of the most satisfying in the category of the arts.

To-day it is a pleasure to chronicle a distinct revival in wood-engraving, following the hopeful indications the past handful of years has thrown out to us from Germany, France, and England. Now Italy, Austria, Russia, Spain, and even the Scandinavian countries are giving serious attention to this art. That is to say, master-artists are turning to it not so much as a means of livelihood, for it is nothing of the sort, at least to the



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"EVENING." WOODCUT BY A DE KAROLIS, ITALY

"THE SHEEP." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE

"THE DUTCH MILL." WOODCUT BY LOUISE GLAZIER, ENGLAND

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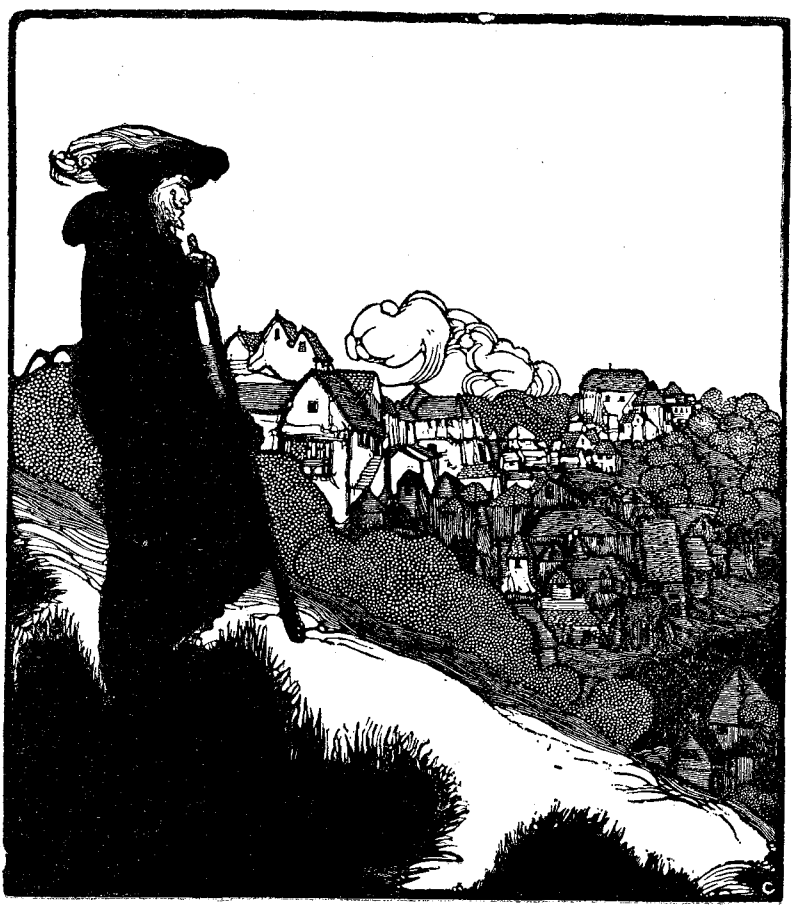
"MADONNA AND CHILD." WOODCUT BY LOUISE GLAZIER, ENGLAND

"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY." WOODCUT BY LOUISE GLAZIER, ENGLAND



"WITTENBERG." ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG, ENGLAND

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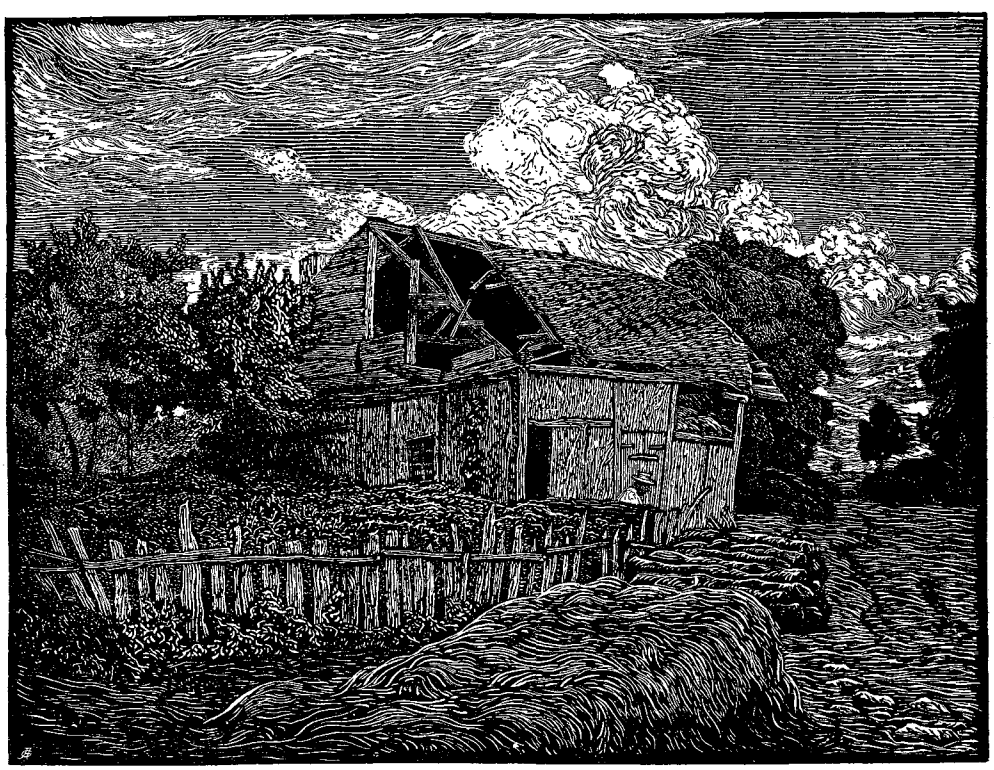
"MADONNA, CHILD, AND ANGELS." WOODCUT BY A. DE KAROLIS, ITALY



"THE BARN." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE

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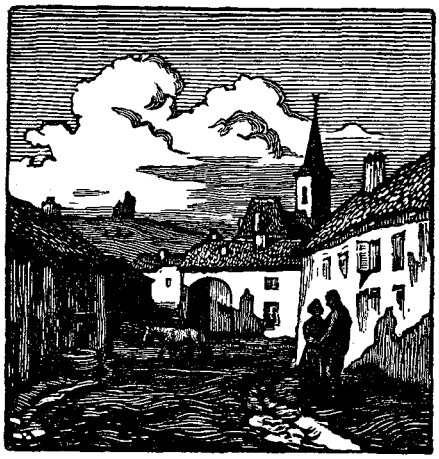


"THE VILLAGE." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE

extent that painting is, but they are turning to it as a media of expressing with undeviating force certain art ideas, thus producing veritable little *billets* for their journeys through the delectable Land of Ideals.

Surely it profits us to peep back through the windows of time to the days of the early illustrators, and well may the spirits of the Seven Little Masters rejoice that the Children of Those Days That Were To Come have not forgotten their heritage, and no longer neglect the tools of a simple craft that shall interpret for the future, just as it is again interpreting to the present some of the most delightful ideas that dwell in the minds of artists to-day, art-ideas that no other medium records, which otherwise would be lost to all time.

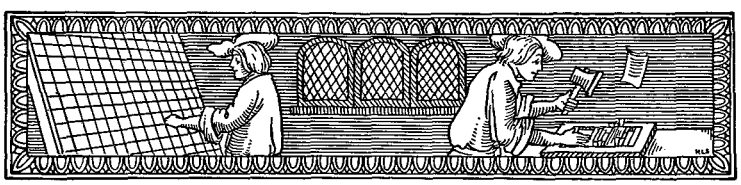
We must not look upon the wood-cut simply as an illustration, but as an interpretation, frankly disclosing so much of high interest to those appreciative of higher things.

The writer has selected at random from his portfolio a little collection of impressions from wood blocks by young artists of various lands, artists who are striving to reproduce the impress of their art-personalities. It is not the purpose

FRAGMENT FROM BOTTICELLI'S "TOBIOLO." WOODCUT BY A. SPADINI, ITALY

here to trace the history of wood-engraving or to present a *critique* of the work of its followers, but to call attention to wood-engraving's re-birth, which deserves broad encouragement.

Gardner Teall.



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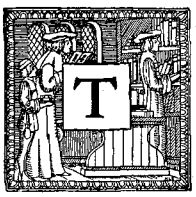
FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD—AN ESTIMATE

I. His Literary Creed



HERE is a peculiar satisfaction in undertaking a critical study of Mr. Marion Crawford for a series of articles which by their very title avow the intention of viewing the novelist primarily in his capacity of story-teller. While it is quite true that an interesting plot is the indispensable corner-stone of successful fiction, yet many of the greatest novels are not those in which the story-teller's art has reached its highest development—they are great because they are not only stories, but a great deal else besides: fearless paintings of existing conditions; trenchant criticisms of life. And conversely, many a novel faulty in structure, false in colouring, exaggerated in action to the point of melodrama, have been vitalised by that magic instinct of the born story-teller, that inimitable gift of making miracles seem plausible, and convincing you that impossibilties could have happened simply by telling you with assured audacity that they really did happen. Consequently, to approach a novelist primarily on the story-telling side is neither a direct road to discovering his permanent place in fiction nor a barrier to such discovery. It simply determines the initial point of view, saves the trouble of many explanations and saving clauses, and often makes possible a greater indulgence for shortcomings, a more cordial recognition of merit. In the case of Mr. Crawford the advantages of this standpoint are sufficiently obvious. Whatever position may be assigned to him now or hereafter in English letters, it must be conceded that he is first, last and always a prince of story-tellers, whose title was inborn and not acquired. Just a quarter of a century ago, when *Mr. Isaacs* unexpectedly caught the attention of a volatile reading public, there were those who predicted, in view of its oddity of theme and treatment, that the newly discovered author would never again repeat his initial success, that Mr. Crawford would remain in the class of authors of one book. Yet any one with a well-developed critical sense must have seen in *Mr. Isaacs,* beneath its Oriental colouring and its mystical atmosphere, the first flowings of that strong, steady, inexhaustible current of narration which has held its even way through upward of twoscore volumes, not one of which deserves the stigma of mediocrity, while just a few possess a quality entitling them to a higher recognition than they have yet received.

There is yet another reason for preferring to treat of Mr. Crawford primarily as a story-teller, and that is that it is the point of view from which he himself would choose to be treated. The first axiom of all impartial and helpful criticism is that an author's work should be judged in the light of what he has intended to do. Most novelists of real importance have sooner or later expressed in print their theories of the art they practised, but few have done so with the terse clearness, the uncompromising conviction that characterise Mr. Crawford's suggestive little monograph upon *The Novel—What It Is.* To the critic it is a most helpful little volume, not for a better understanding of what constitutes a novel—since there are a score of points on which one is inclined to take issue with the author—but for a better understanding of Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is a convenient key to every one of his merits and defects. And for that reason it seems wise to examine it somewhat carefully, to quote from it rather freely, and to get quite clearly before us just what his theories of fiction are and why those theories do not always bear the fruit which he expected to obtain from them.

In the first place, then, the novel is defined by Mr. Crawford as a "market-

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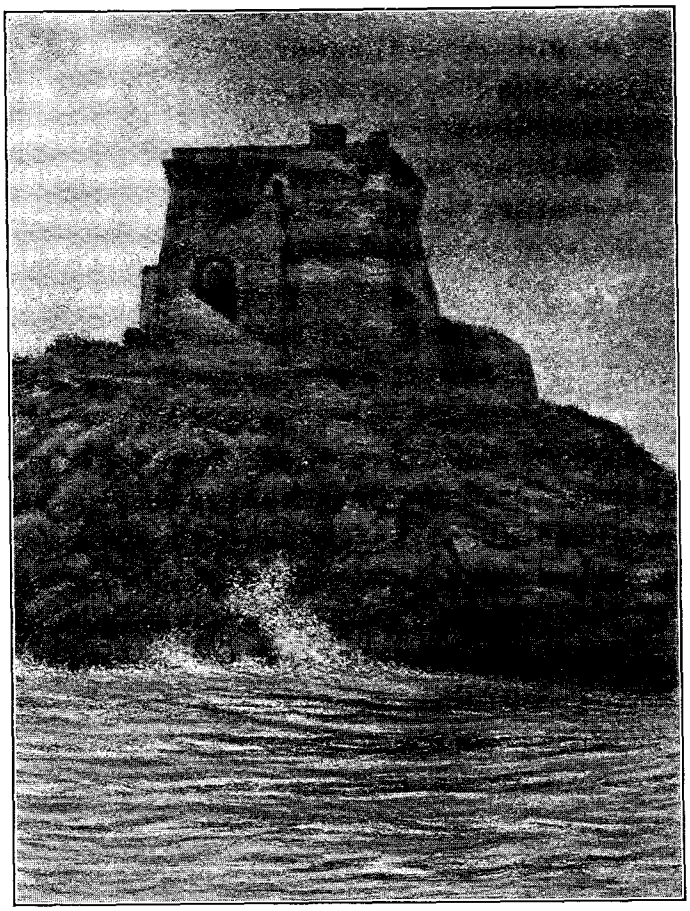

"THE ANCIENT TOWER." MARION CRAWFORD'S WORKSHOP

The workshop of the late Marion Crawford was in an ancient ruin on the Calabrian coast, eighty or ninety miles south of his Sorrento home. The ruin is one of the watch-towers erected centuries ago by Charles V against Saracenic invasion. The walls are eight feet thick. Mr. Crawford discovered the tower when he was cruising in his yacht, the *Alda*, which was once the New York pilot boat *Ezra Nye*. He bought the tower for fifty years at the price of $25 per year.

able commodity," of the class collectively termed "intellectual artistic luxuries." In other words, the first object of the novel is "to amuse and interest the reader," and a novelist is at all times under an implied contract with the prospective purchasers to give them the entertainment they are looking for and to attempt nothing more serious than entertainment. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has no tolerance whatever for the purpose novel, not merely because "in art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake," but for the more specific reason that the purpose novel is "a simple fraud, . . . an odious attempt to lecture people who hate lectures, to preach at people who prefer their own church, and to teach people who think they know enough already." The novel is nothing more nor less than "a pocket theatre," the novelist nothing more than "a public amuser."

It is good to make people laugh; it is sometimes salutary to make them shed tears; it is best of all to make our readers think—not too serious thoughts, nor such as require an intimate knowledge of science and philosophy to be called thoughts at all—but to think, and, thinking, to see before

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THE BAY OF NAPLES FROM MARION CRAWFORD'S HOME

them characters whom they might really like to resemble, acting in scenes in which they themselves would like to take part.

Mr. Crawford need not have added to the above paragraph a single word regarding his attitude toward romance and realism; for it is obvious that the novelist who recognises that his chief duty is to entertain, and who deliberately purposes to leave out of his books all characters whom his readers would not like to resemble and all scenes in which his readers would not care to play a part, must of necessity have scant sympathy for the realistic school, or small use for the definition of the novel as "a cross-section of life." What he does have to say upon this subject is exactly in accord with what one would expect him to say. Zola he concedes somewhat reluctantly to have been a great man, "mightily coarse to no purpose, but great, nevertheless, a Nero of fiction." But "Zola's shadow, seen through the veil of the English realistic novel, is a monstrosity not to be tolerated." The fact that "in our Anglo-Saxon system the young girl is everywhere" seems to him in itself a sufficient reason why we should "temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous shorn lamb." And after defining the realistic school as that which "purposes to show men what they are," and the romantic school as the one which "tries to show men what they should be," he frankly declares that for his part he believes that "more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art."

There is just one more paragraph which deserves to be emphasised, because it touches quite unconsciously upon the source of the real weakness not only of Mr. Crawford's novels, but of the romantic school as a whole:

> Practically, what we call a romantic life is one full of romantic incidents which come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of a man's or a woman's character. It is therefore necessarily an exceptional

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life, and as such should have an exceptional interest for the majority.

Now there cannot be any question that the theory contained in this paragraph is admirable; the trouble is that as a working formula it almost never succeeds. Even in Mr. Crawford's own novels, admirable as they are—for he understands beyond question the technique of his craft—it would puzzle the critic to point out any one romantic life made up solely of incidents which have "come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of the man's character." The hidden flaw in all romantic fiction is due to the fact that the incidents which come unsought, as the result of character, rarely show the romantic quality which a Scott, a Dumas, a Stevenson demands. The novelist may take the greatest pains in his selection of exceptional types of men and women, and may show equal care in bringing them together under exceptional conditions; nevertheless, in nine cases out of ten, if he leaves them alone to follow consistently their natural bent; if he does not actively intervene and force them to say "no" or to say "yes"; if he does not check and harass and complicate their actions by the intervention of blind, illogical fate in the shape of disaster, disease and death, he will find them naturally and quietly doing the normal and obvious thing, and frustrating his hope of providing that exceptional interest which is demanded by the majority. In *Mr. Isaacs,* perhaps quite as consistently as in any of his later books, Mr. Crawford evolved a long series of highly romantic happenings directly from the peculiar temperament of his hero; yet take away the element of chance—the accidental blow on the head received by Isaacs in the game of polo, the coincidence which made Miss Westonhaugh's brother the unknown benefactor of Isaacs in his days of poverty, and finally the girl's illness and death from jungle fever—and the story would necessarily have had a radically different and more prosaic ending. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario,* the most admirably real of all Mr. Crawford's Italian stories, the fact remains that the vital issues of the plot arise, in the one case, out of a purely chance identity of names between two distant cousins, and in the other, from an almost incredible series of coincidences—a lost pin, a stolen envelope, a forged letter. Now, in romantic fiction there is no logical objection to the use of chance, accident, fate, call it what you will. The mistake lies in trying to write romance in accordance with a realistic formula, and to convince the reader that sane men and women did strange, unlikely deeds as the direct result of their own characters.

II. His Novels

Mr. Crawford, however, in a measure disarms criticism by confessing genially that he is himself "the last of literary sinners." His creed, so far as he has one, slips on and off easily, like a well-worn glove. In theory, as we have seen, he is a romanticist; in practice he is in turn realist, psychologue, mystic, whatever for the moment suits his need or appeals to his instinct of born story-teller. His stage-setting, his local colour are painted in from life with scrupulous fidelity; a Balzac or a Zola could not be more faithful to reality in matters of topography. You may at any time, if you please, trace the peregrinations of Count Skariatine through the back alleys of Munich, or Paul Patoff through the labyrinthine paths of Constantinople. And his people are as real as his streets and houses. The whole world knows that his Mr. Isaacs was drawn direct from life, the original being a certain Mr. Jacobs, a trader in rare jewels, who later came into note through his dispute with the Nizam of Deccan over the price of the Great Empress diamond. Talk with Mr. Crawford about his other characters and you will learn that there is nothing exceptional in the case of Mr. Isaacs. He will tell you with a quiet smile that the men and women who throng the pages of his *Saracinesca* trilogy are all real people, whom he has for the most part known and liked well; that Corona is still living; that Spica is a composite portrait of a cadaverous Pole and a famous Neapolitan duellist, who died a couple of years ago; that Count Skariatine, the crazed nobleman in *A Cigarette Maker's Romance,* was in reality a German count, who once a week, just as in the story, left his work-

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bench in the little tobacco shop and sat at home waiting in vain for a summons to the Bavarian Court; that Vjera, the Russian girl who sold her hair to pay the count's debt of honour, was also a reality; and that even Fischlowitz's dingy tobacco shop, with the absurd mechanical figure of a Viennese *Gigerl* in the window, existed in Munich exactly as Mr. Crawford drew it, and was in fact the shop where he went day after day to buy his cigarettes.

His method, then, may be summed up somewhat after this fashion: he begins by taking a real stage-setting, some one of the many corners of the world of which his cosmopolitan experience has given him intimate knowledge; he brings upon the stage a group of real people of strong and interesting personality, whom he has personally studied in real life, idealising them to suit his purpose, yet not so much as to mar the illusion of reality. And having up to this point held himself in check, he now gives free rein to his imagination, and puts these thoroughly real people through a series of highly romantic adventures, forcing them to think and say and do many things which our sober second judgment tells us they never would have said or thought or done—and yet, with his inborn power of story-telling, convincing us for the time being that it all must have happened exactly as he says it did.

It would be futile to attempt to survey in detail any large number of Mr. Crawford's twoscore novels, nor would any very useful purpose be served were it practical to do so. There is a surprisingly large proportion of his books which a critic may quite safely ignore—books which one and all maintain an even quality of interest, yet add nothing to our estimate of him as a man or artist. As is well-nigh inevitable in a novelist who never allows himself to forget that "novel writing is a business," and who has the technique of construction down almost to a mechanical perfection, the difference between his earlier and later books is mainly a loss of spontaneity and an increased conventionality in plot and character. Mr. Crawford has not "written himself out," to use the phrase which he has declared is so terrible for any author to hear; nor is it likely that he ever will write himself out. His average standard to-day is far nearer to that of his best work than that of Mr. Howells, let us say, comes to *Silas Lapham*—nearer, indeed, than many another novelist whom the world has chosen to honour could come to his own best achievement after a quarter of a century of unremittent toil. It is nevertheless a fact that the volumes which one feels inclined to single out for specific discussion all belong to the first decade of Mr. Crawford's literary activity.

Mr. Isaacs, of course, must remain one of the volumes which will be read as long as Mr. Crawford continues to be remembered. Crude though it may be in construction, and uneven in style, it nevertheless remains a rather remarkable achievement, one of those rare first efforts that are nothing short of a sheer stroke of genius. It is usually an unwise experiment to read over in maturity a story which gave keen pleasure in early youth; yet if the present writer may be allowed to cite his own personal experience, *Mr. Isaacs* is one of the books that stand the test surprisingly well. Mr. Crawford himself admits that he was most fortunate in having begun his literary career with this particular book; theosophy was in the air, Kipling had not yet pre-empted the field of India for fiction, and there was, moreover, a certain mingling of poetry and cynicism, of mature experience and youthful enthusiasm, that went well with the strange theme and the vivid colouring. And one may seriously question whether any single volume written by Marion Crawford in the height of his powers could have duplicated the success of *Mr. Isaacs* if put forth as the first novel of an unknown author.

Dr. Claudius, which followed *Mr. Isaacs* within the year, may well be passed over with the comment that for a book so badly handicapped the wonder was that it succeeded at all. As has very truly been said, "a learned Heidelberg Phil.D., however sentimental and yellow-bearded, is a less attractive conception than a youthful and pure-blooded Iranian adventurer, whose glowing eyes outshine his jewels." Yet but for the caprice of fate it might have been known to

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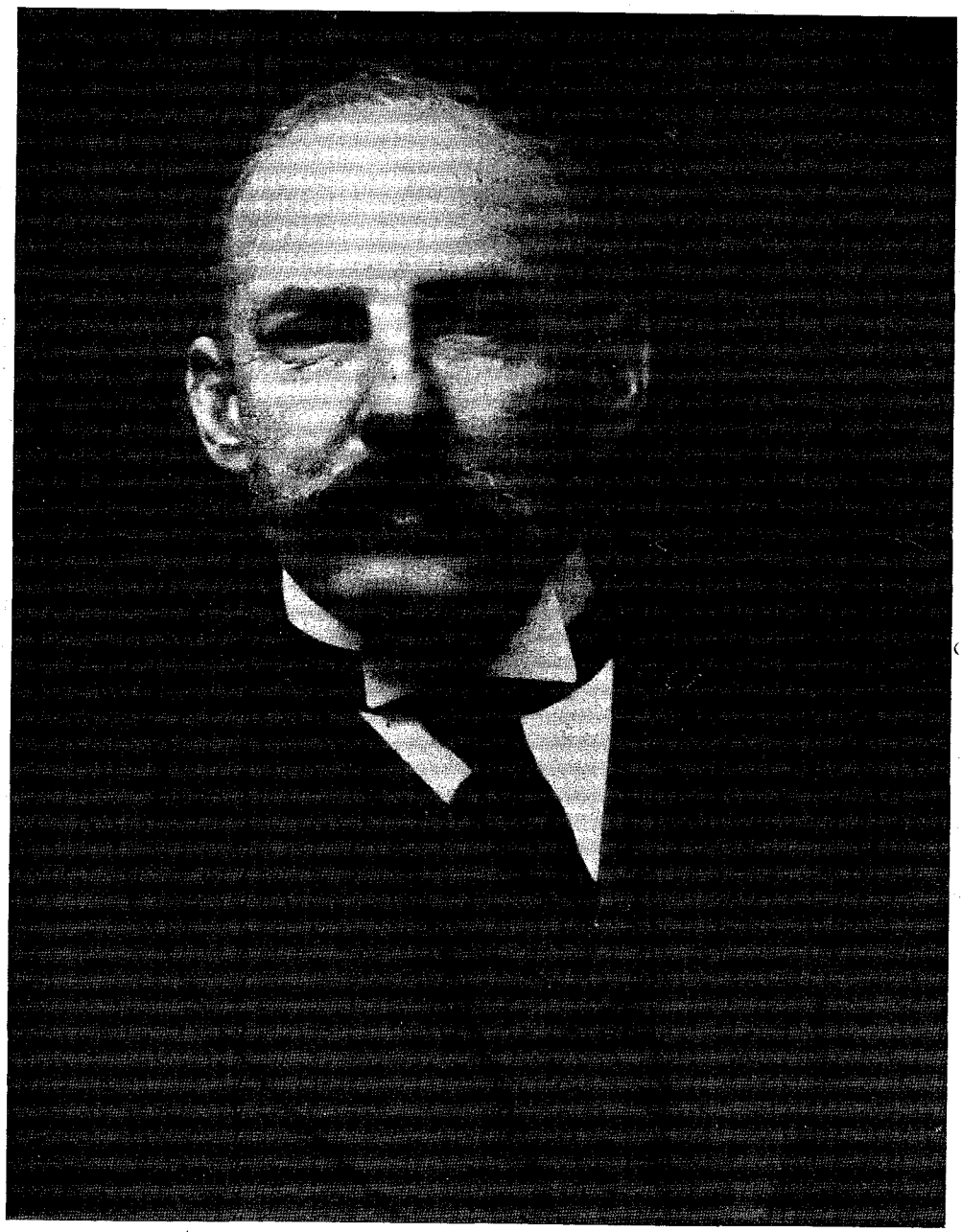
the world as Mr. Crawford's first book, for it had been in the hands of the publishers many months before *Mr. Isaacs* was issued. Of the books which followed, at an average rate of two volumes a year, *A Roman Singer* was notable for that extreme simplicity of style which has since become one of Mr. Crawford's most effective assets: *Marzio's Crucifix*, as representing a long step forward in



August 2, 1854 FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD April 9, 1909

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the technique of unity of plot; *Kahled,* as the most effective and artistic of all the author's purely fanciful efforts. But the volumes which it seems worth while to single out for more detailed comment are *The Three Fates, A Cigarette Maker's Romance,* and the *Saracinesca* trilogy.

It is a curious and unexplained fact that when the topic of Mr. Crawford's novels comes up in a company of fairly well-read men and women, and they have all expressed a more or less intelligent opinion about *The Ralstons* and *Don Orsino* and *Fair Margaret,* if you then make mention of *The Three Fates* you are likely to find that no one present has read the book nor one in ten even heard of it. Yet it is easily the best of Mr. Crawford's American stories; it is simply not in the same class with *Katharine Lauderdale* and *Marion Darche.* The people in it are all thoroughly alive; at times they tempt one to say that they are the most intensely alive of any characters Mr. Crawford has ever drawn. The principal character is a young and struggling author making the rounds of New York publishing houses and striving to win a hearing for his first novel. It takes no very profound intuition to guess that there is a modicum of autobiography worked into the pages of *The Three Fates,* and its author makes no attempt to deny it. If you ask Mr. Crawford which of his American stories he personally likes best, this is the one that he will name, adding with a reminiscent sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret, "The fact is, I put a great deal of myself into *The Three Fates.*"

The personal touch is, of course, an all-sufficient reason to explain the author's preference, but a critic's choice should rest on sounder basis. And in this case that basis is to be found in the rather exceptional study it contains of some phases of love, where both the man and the woman are quite young. The emotions of maturer men and women are comparatively easy to chronicle; they know life too well to jeopardise their happiness with imaginary ills. But the very young are prone to magnify their troubles and their grievances, to torture themselves over trivial faults and absurd scruples, which are, of course, for the time being as vital and momentous to them as the profounder trials of maturer years. And the task of interpreting these youthful crises with sympathetic understanding and just a touch of indulgent irony is one which just a few novelists successfully achieve. One recalls especially certain chapters in William Black's *Madcap Violet* and Mr. Howells's *April Hopes;* and to these may be added *The Three Fates.* Like so many of Mr. Crawford's earlier volumes, the construction is faulty. There is no clear-cut central theme. The most that can be said for the plot is that the author has sought to show how a young man of a keenly sensitive artistic temperament may, in those vital formative years when his life's career is just opening before him, find his ideals of women so subtly and yet so radically modified that in a comparatively brief space he has found himself able to love tenderly and sincerely three different women, and to receive from each in turn a permanent impression, a modification of his character which time will only strengthen. And yet, as the first and the second successively withdraw themselves from his life, he knows that there can be no going back, even should they so elect; they have been very dear to him, they have each played the part of one of the Fates in his life, yet there is no resurrection for the emotions which are dead. And at the end of the story the man, sobered by sorrow and toil and hard-won achievement even more than by the sudden and unforeseen responsibility of great wealth, hesitates to put to the test the last of his three Fates. He knows that this time there is no question of a transitory passion, but rather the deep, lasting love of mature manhood; this third woman means so much in his life that even her friendship is a precious thing, which he fears to jeopardise by speaking prematurely. This dénouement of *The Three Fates* is one of the most artistic and felicitous single touches to be found in Mr. Crawford's writings. We know that the third and greatest opportunity is merely deferred, not lost; yet the contrast between the boy's precipitancy and the man's delay is the best measure of

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the difference in kind as well as degree between the earlier and later love.

It is customary to regard the cycle of Italian novels, beginning with the *Saracinesca* trilogy and continued in *Corleone* and *Tarquisara,* as the strongest and most finished work that the author of *A Roman Singer* has produced. This, however, is not the view held by those critics who have made the most careful study of his novels; nor is it the view held by Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, he has sometimes expressed a doubt whether on the whole his Italian stories have not been more of a detriment to him than a help. The public seemed to expect them of him, he explains, and so confined his activity to that particular field when he would much rather have directed it elsewhere. Of these Italian books as a whole it may be said that they have at least the merit of presenting to English readers a comprehensive picture of social life in Italy such as cannot be found elsewhere in English fiction. The fact that Mr. Crawford was born in Rome and spent much of his early life there, and that later he deliberately elected to make Italy his permanent home, placed him in a position to write from the standpoint of a native. In fact, he is on firmer ground and writes with a more assured knowledge when the scene is laid in Rome than when the action takes place in Boston or New York. Nevertheless, while they are his most ambitious efforts, even the best of them, even *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario,* have not the artistic charm and unity possessed by several slighter works. And the reason is not hard to find. *Saracinesca* and its sequels belong to the type best defined as the Epic Novel, the type wherein a great social movement, a moral or political revolution drawing to a climax, serves as the background of the story, while the destiny of some special group, some single family, some individual man or woman, closely interwoven with the progress of the general movement, forms the central thread of the plot, the focus of interest. At first sight *Saracinesca* seems to fulfil the conditions of the Epic Novel. The setting is Rome, on the eve of the downfall of the Pope's temporal power and the achievement of a united Italy; and the central thread concerns itself with the fortunes of a single family, the Saracinesca, proud, conservative, loyal adherents of the Church. Yet when we study the book's construction a little closer we realise that the relation between the general and the specific theme is of the most perfunctory sort. The historical background is admirable as a piece of verbal painting; it shows on the surface the days of careful study which its author acknowledges that he wrought into its construction. But it fails to be, properly speaking, an Epic Novel, because there is no close and necessary connection between the historical movement then going on in Italy and the private drama of the Saracinesca family. Take any one of the big, unmistakably epic novels, whether it be *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or Zola's *L'Assommoir,* the epic of slavery or of intemperance; you will find the central theme inseparably interwoven with the general —the fate of Uncle Tom symbolic of the slave system, the fate of Gervaise symbolic of the demon of alcohol. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario* there is no such close connection, no central symbol; nor did Mr. Crawford intend that there should be. For the symbolic novel is next of kin to the purpose novel; it teaches and preaches and does other kindred things which conflict with the creed which Mr. Crawford professes. Nevertheless, oddly enough, *Don Orsino,* much inferior to its predecessors in human interest, is in point of structure much more logical and correct. In fact, it may be called an epic of the era of disastrous building speculation in Rome; and the fact that Don Orsino's fortunes were closely entangled in the general panic which resulted gives us the connection between the general and the special *motif* which this form of novel demands.

In point of form, however, Mr. Crawford has never done anything more perfect than *A Cigarette Maker's Romance.* In dimensions it is a rather long novelette; in structure it obeys the rules of the short story rather than those of the novel. It contains no superfluous character or incident, and its time of action is confined within a space of thirty-six hours. It seems worth while, even at the

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risk of repeating what must already be familiar to a majority of Mr. Crawford's readers, to run over briefly the substance of this little masterpiece. Count Skariatine, a Russian of noble birth who has quarrelled with his father and been disinherited, is eking out a pitiful living by rolling cigarettes for a thrifty Munich tobacconist. Disappointment and privation have so preyed upon his mind that he has become affected with a periodic delusion that a letter has come from Russia restoring him to his lost position and that messengers from his family will visit him on the morrow. Once a week, under the spell of this delusion, he absents himself from the tobacco shop and waits in confidence all day, only to awaken when the clock tolls midnight to a shuddering realisation of his abnormal condition. On the particular night when the story opens Count Skariatine's periodic delusion is just coming upon him. Once again he tells his employer the familiar story of the letter from Russia, the friends who will come to-morrow, the necessity of his bidding the tobacconist good-bye. The tobacconist's wife, who refuses to believe any part of the count's story, or even that he is a count at all, rudely breaks in upon him with a claim for money, the value of a stolen mechanical figure, a Viennese *Gigerl,* for the loss of which the count was in reality not responsible. Incensed, however, by the woman's attitude and relying upon the visionary fortune which he expects upon the morrow, Count Skariatine rashly gives his word of honour that the value of the *Gigerl* shall be paid within twenty-four hours. The next day runs its usual course, and the evening finds the count slowly struggling to a consciousness that not only have his friends failed to come, but that he has pledged his honour to pay a sum of money which he does not possess, and has no hope of raising in time, and that he is not willing to live dishonoured. The rest of the story tells how Vjera, the humble Russian girl who day after day has rolled cigarettes side by side with the count and learned to love him with dumb hopelessness, discovers his desperate need and comes to his aid; how the count, under the spell of his temporary insanity, declares his love for her and makes extravagant promises of the wonderful things he will do for her as soon as his estates are restored to him; how she raises the money needed to save his honour, and how finally, when on the morrow the count returns as usual to his bench, and the friends he has so long awaited actually do arrive and bring him word that he is sole heir to his father's wealth, he presents to them the humble little cigarette-maker as the future Countess Skariatine:

> I had contracted a debt of honour, and I had nothing wherewith to pay it. There was but an hour left—an hour, and then my life and my honour would have gone together. . . . She saved me, gentlemen; she cut off her beautiful hair from her head and sold it for me. But that is not the reason why she is to be my wife. There is a better reason than that. I love her, gentlemen, with all my heart and soul, and she has told me that she loves me.

It is in passages such as this that we get the key to Mr. Crawford's perennial hold upon the hearts of his readers. His real strength lies not in his mastery of technique or his originality of plot, but in his ability to picture for us honest gentlemen and noble women, whom we are the better for having known if only through the medium of the printed page. If there is room for choice, his men are better than his women, more finely drawn, with subtler understanding. There is a long list of them whom you cannot forget even if you would—even in *Saracinesca* alone there are a whole group whom it is a joy to remember: old Saracinesca, with his chronic fondness for quarrelling with his well-loved son; the melancholy Spica, whose fame in duels made him a *memento mori* wherever he went; even Astrardente, the worn-out old dandy, shows at the last certain fine instincts which make us glad of the privilege of having known him. It is doubtful whether any of the novelists who are writing to-day have given the world so many characters whom the average reader remembers with pleasure and recalls years afterward by name.

What place will be ultimately assigned to Mr. Crawford in the history of fiction it is somewhat early to predict. Except-

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ing as a conservative force, it is doubtful whether he has influenced the development of the modern novel in any important degree. Yet few novelists of the present day have been more widely read or have had a more salutary influence in fostering a taste for what is clean and pure and high-minded in literature and in life. He occupies a position somewhat apart from the general trend of fiction, and for that reason is somewhat difficult to class. Almost any comparison that one ventures to make is sure to strike a majority of readers as odd and unjustified. Recently one of the English reviews spoke of him as approaching most nearly to Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, a curious partnership, which the writer wisely did not try to justify. In purpose and ideals, as well as in the uniformly readable quality of his books, he suggests a certain kinship with the late William Black, yet of the two Mr. Crawford is undeniably the finer artist, as well as the better story-teller, with a far better chance of being remembered by a later generation. And whatever position is ultimately assigned to him, one thing is certain: that the general tendency of academic criticism will be to do him ampler justice and concede to him a higher meed of praise than he has hitherto received.

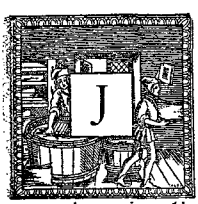
Frederic Taber Cooper.

"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK II—A Week's Chronicle

CHAPTER II



JANE hesitated, with her foot on the motor step, her innocent, prominent eyes fixed on Coralie's hat, which was an inspiration of Virot's for discreet impudence and morning simplicity—a twist of black and white straw with one turquoise-blue rose.

"Do you think I might go home and put on my pink toque first? I only wore this black hat this morning because mamma doesn't like me in colours."

Coralie shuddered. She knew Jane's pink toques; and her love of decking herself with incongruous finery, necessarily cheap since Lord Challoner had other views on the destiny of her pin-money.

"I picked it up in the Edgware Road," went on Aunt Jane. "It has a large gold butterfly in front. They said it was a French model."

"Well, you know, I *really* think I wouldn't," said Mrs. Jamieson, with great earnestness. "That black lace veil adds so much mystery to your appearance. The pink toque might look frivolous, almost a little earthly—you know what I mean?"

Disappointment wrote itself on Jane's meek visage, but she submitted. Only, as she sat down in the car beside her, Coralie could hear her, as she hugged herself, murmur the remark—irrelevant to any one who had not the key to her rambling ideas:

"But they say he's such a handsome young man."

The den of the occult one in Bond Street was dim, and Eastern of the Tottenham Court Road; with Japanese bead hangings before the windows and a strenuous atmosphere of joss-stick.

The unwholesome page who introduced them paused and surveyed them blankly.

"'Ave you an appointment?"

It was conveyed to him, with some difficulty, that an appointment had not

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been made; but that they urgently trusted Mr. Chiaro Scuro could find time to see them. There was no gleam of enthusiasm, even of interest, in the page's prawn-like regard.

"'Ave you paid yer fee? It's two guineas the first visit."

Jane was seized with a tremor. It was characteristic of her, of her slipshod life-conduct, that she had entirely omitted to think of this important item. She fumbled in the recesses of a dilapidated bead bag—it seemed to contain chiefly keys—and produced a few shillings and some coppers.

"Why—don't you worry, aunt," said her obliging niece, after a moment of amused contemplation.

She nipped the two gold and two silver pieces out of the little chain purse that hung at her waist. And the page, with the first sign of alacrity he had shown since their arrival, ran to fetch a salver, which he genteelly extended to receive the coin.

He then disappeared, and Jane turned a pleading glance upon Coralie.

"My dear, I'll pay you back, of course," she faltered.

Coralie, who knew the exact sum poor Lady Challoner was allowed to spend out of (her own) two thousand a year, and what strict account was demanded of the meagre allotment, nodded brightly back:

"Why, I rather think this is my show."

She set her aunt's hat straight with a little gesture that was like a caress; noting the while, with mixed compassion and mirth, how Jane's sandy locks were beginning to stray down her cheeks again, as if endowed with some wayward life of their own.

"Of all the hopeless, poor dears!" she thought.

The occult one himself was, true to his reputation, a handsome man. His clear, English countenance had been artificially bronzed and his pale grey eyes looked out of this dark setting with unmistakably weird effect—the eyes of the "seer," his devotees were wont enthusiastically to aver. At their first glance Lady Challoner was seized with the most agreeable and agitating sensation in her spine. After that, not if he had been washed white before her very nose, would her faith have wavered.

As for Coralie, she thought those singular pale orbs in the dark countenance the most alert and acute she had ever seen, in England at least. For the rest, he wore a becoming saffron-hued turban and a robe-like garment of sombre red, gathered about his slim middle by a gold-embroidered sash.

After surveying his two clients for a second in deep silence, he bowed; allowed his gaze to become abstracted for an appreciable spell on some distant mystic horizon, then, bringing it swiftly back upon the young and pretty woman, pointed his forefinger at her:

"You wish to consult me?" he said, in tones which again titillated Jane's spinal cord.

"Shot number one, wrong!" said the little American to herself.

"Why, no, professor," she responded, in cheerful business-like tones. "I'm just accompanying this lady."

Chiaro Scuro's light eyes fixed themselves now upon Jane, with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

"Will you come with me now into the inner room?" he said fatally. Then he wheeled back on Coralie. "But my message is for you," he announced.

Coralie guessed he was a bright man.

"Come with me," said Jane, releasing herself from her own embrace, to give a timid clutch at her companion.

"Nay, madam," said the seer; "I must be alone with each subject. Those who come to my call—" here he broke off, for Coralie was undulating and blinking at him in her bewildering way.

"Oh, but professor, I'll be as quiet as a little mouse; I can't think that any of the dear spirits will mind me. I promise not to say a teeny, weeny, little word. Do let me!"

The wizard's professional gravity gave way before an irrepressible smile that showed white teeth, flashing uncannily.

"Come in also then," he said. Then his acumen spoke once more. "They are calling you—and the call is irresistible. You will have to receive your message."

The inner den was still more stuffy

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with incense; and being hung round with black velveteen, carpeted with black cloth, and devoid of all furniture but a table covered with a black table-cloth, and two black chairs, presented a truly impressive appearance. Coralie trusted there was ventilation somewhere, but she did not perceive it. A single but powerful electric lamp hung from the ceiling, artfully shaded so as to concentrate its radiance on the table, heightening the impression of surrounding gloom.

Chiaro Scuro carried in a chair from the next room with an air that robbed the action of all triviality; set it with a gallant flourish for Coralie well within the circle of light, waved Lady Challoner majestically into the second seat and himself took the third. Then he whisked the black table-cloth away, and a large crystal, reposing on a slender silver shaft, seemed to rise by supernatural agency from the centre of the table, throwing back the light with such brilliancy as to dazzle the two women.

Coralie, who had a positive intelligence, and was warily and amusedly on the lookout for the charlatanism which she was convinced underlay every commercial psychic manifestation, could not but admit that it was well done, and the wizard worthy of Bond Street. She was also conscious that between the concentrated radiance of the ball, and the gaze of the pale eyes relentlessly fixed upon her, she might very well herself fall into a state of hypnotism if she did not strenuously re-act against it. The scent of the joss-stick was overpowering, and the enveloping blackness seemed to press upon her with almost physical weight. She slipped off her gloves and pinched her little hands under the rim of the table.

"Say, Mr. Scuro, do the spirits object so much as all that to a little fresh air?"

Into the seer's inspired eyes sprang a quick, vindictive look. But he rose, nevertheless, and pulled a cord; there was the sound of a sliding window, and the hangings behind him began to balloon and sway in ghostly fashion, while a draught of clean breeze came gratefully to Coralie's nostrils. She was saved, but Jane was long past any such help—she was swimming in abandoned will-surrender, as completely at the charlatan's mercy as a cork at the mercy of the waves.

"I wish to see your hands first," said the necromancer to her, with great severity. "Both hands, please."

Jane, detaching them reluctantly from her sides, laid them tremblingly out for inspection.

"Dear me, dear me," she fluttered. "I ought to explain that I am not really here for myself. Do tell him, dear, what we want to consult him about. Oh, dear, dear, I do hope he's not going to see anything dreadful about dear Gertrude!"

"Fact is, professor," began the good-natured Coralie, "this lady is in some anxiety——"

"Hush!" said the man of mystery; he raised one hand and his eyeballs became fixed, to Jane's gasping admiration. Then he bent over the outstretched palms and, after staring at them for a while, announced in a changed voice, that sent a cold shiver through one listener, and struck the other as a real, smart piece of business:

"You are here about a woman. Some one dear to you." The white eyes in the dark face were now searching Jane's changing countenance. "One who is dear to you, very dear to you . . . bound by ties of blood. Her name begins—begins with—G and ends with E."

"Coralie," interpolated Jane in strangled tones, "this is too marvelous!"

The interview now proceeded briskly. Chiaro Scuro only interrupting the flow of language, which he gave out as though he were the mouthpiece of an unheard voice, to bestow an apparently abstracted attention on Lady Challoner's frequent interruptions.

Coralie sat, happy in her little current of fresh air, more entertained even than she had anticipated.

The wizard began to trace the lines in Jane's palms with one finger. Coralie noticed that his own hands were limber and quick in their movements, as might be those of a conjuror.

"You are impulsive, highly sensitive, deeply affectionate. Those you are fond of, you are very, very fond of. You like colour; you have remarkable taste."

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"Dear me, dear me, yes, I think that's true. I do think this is wonderful."

"You are sensitive. You have had many disappointments."

"Oh, dear me, dear me! Yes, indeed."

"You are married." His eyes flashed from the wedding ring to the old maidish, oddly attired figure. "You have no children. Your wedded life is not altogether happy."

"Dear me, oh, dear me!" sighed Lady Challoner.

"But the trouble that is now about you is not connected with your own household — it is connected with a — a sister."

"How marvellous!"

Chiaro Scuro drew an imperceptible breath of relief.

"I now look into the crystal. Will you encircle the crystal with your hand and think of your sister?"

There was a breathless spell.

"Your sister's peace of mind is threatened. I see a figure, the figure of a woman."

"He sees her," whispered the irrepressible Jane.

"I see the figure of a man."

"Is he tall, and good-looking, with grey, curly hair?"

"He is."

"Oh, it's Reginald! Oh, dear, and I always thought him such a good husband!"

"Your sister's domestic happiness is threatened by a woman." The weird eyes rested for an imperceptible moment upon Lady Challoner's flat chest, where among many rags and tags of lace and ribband, a little watch, enamelled with a countess's coronet, fluttered with each heaving breath. "Your sister moves in a high class of society. Her husband is a peer"— Jane's countenance fell. "If not a peer, a man of distinguished position"— Jane revived. "In a very distinguished position." Jane positively sparkled. "Though not a peer yet, he will be made so one day."

"Dear me, dear me—oh, I am so glad! That's very likely. Don't you think so, Coralie? And it shows there won't be any scandal . . . Lord Esdale!" murmured Jane to herself. "Lord Esdale—it would sound quite charming."

"There is a black cloud hanging over your sister's life. She has an enemy—a woman. This woman . . . is not to be trusted. Let your sister beware how she receives her under her roof . . . "

"Coralie!" gasped Lady Challoner.

"The letter E has a dominating influence on her life. . . . "

"Marvellous!" Then Jane began to mutter to herself after her fashion: "Emerald, Emerald!"

"Your sister's husband is attracted, greatly attracted. He is in danger, in great danger; but—yes, the clouds are gathering, I can see but faintly—yet there is a gleam behind them. Hush, there is a name in my ear . . . I must listen to that voice. It says Emily, Emily! Your sister must beware of Emily."

"Emerald!" cried the believing Jane, anxious to set the spirit right. "You must mean Emerald. . . . "

"No," said the necromancer firmly, "Emily! But—" He stared intently again into the crystal, "let her beware of emeralds too. The stone is destined to be of great influence in her life." Then, with a sudden accent of exultation: "I see your sister," he cried, "she is walking in a room full of sunshine——"

"How wonderful! Yes, that room on the rose garden is always a blaze of sunshine— How wonderful!"

"She is not in London—she is in the country. There is light about her—about her head—she moves in light."

"It's the tiara!" burst from Jane in a triumphant crow.

The mystery-monger leaned back in his chair with an air of exhaustion.

"I can hear no more, I can see no more, I am—I am weary."

Jane broke into incoherent thanks and exclamations. She rose and hugged herself as she had never hugged herself before. She felt extraordinarily elated and important; life had a new interest for her.

"When may I come again?" she asked greedily, as her babble lost itself in an inextricable phrase.

"Come on Friday—Friday will be a day when the spirits will be benign to you." Then, with one of his lightning movements, with outflung finger, the friend of the shades turned upon Coralie,

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who was rising (with an irrepressible little yawn). "As for you, beware of Tuesdays—Tuesdays and wheels—that is my message for you!"

As he bowed them, with a grave Eastern bend of his turbaned head, into the front room again, striking a gong to summon the pale page in buttons from the passage, Coralie saw how the beads of perspiration stood on the brown forehead.

"Poor wretch," she thought, "he works hard for his guineas." But she was conscious that the situation had lost something of its spice for her. "I shall never be able to motor comfortably again on a Tuesday." She gave a wriggle of impatience at herself and the whole folly as she sat down in the car.

Chiaro Scuro stood behind the bead hangings and watched the smart little motor carry its occupants from the door. Then, whistling a refrain from *The Gay Gordons,* he stepped jauntily into another room—which wore a most material appearance of cheerfulness, bad art and good business—picked up *Who's Who* and a *Peerage* from the highly veneered American bureau, and, flinging himself into a rocking-chair, began to turn over the pages rapidly with his deft conjuror's fingers. Starting with Esdale, he soon had ample information at his command, of which, after jotting down the Friday appointment, he began to make copious notes in a ledger of a very private appearance.

It was only half-past twelve when they emerged from their *séance;* and Coralie, sniffing the warm air, suggested a spin round the park. But Jane had other views for the spending of the hour intervening before lunch. She wanted to go home and initiate Coralie into the marvels of automatic writing. She felt sure that the mystic world was strongly about her after their wonderful experience; that now or never was the moment for communication with it.

Coralie could not disappoint her; indeed, this forlorn, prematurely aged creature was as pathetic and appealing as any child. With a reluctant sigh she gave orders to be driven to Harley Street, that being the cheerful quarter where Lord Challoner's cheerful residence was situate.

Challoner House achieved a triumph of grime as it presented its large flat front amid the aggressive brightness of its medical neighbours. There is something about the shine of a doctor's letter-box, the starchy whiteness of his lace curtains, the mahogany varnish of his hall door that grins at you with the ghastly mirth of the dentist's specimen set of teeth.

But Lord Challoner had no reason to regard cheeriness and cleanliness as lucrative. His great gloomy mansion was tended by as few servants as possible; his windows may have been cleaned, occasionally—daylight being cheaper than artificial illumination; but within the memory of man, no painter or paperhanger had been seen inside those precincts.

Coralie had had brief but sufficient acquaintance with the house and its owner; acquaintance which had left indelible impression. She remembered Ringwood, the antique, bibulous butler, whom Lord Challoner retained in his service because—on account of this obvious propensity—he could get him at such reduced wages. For the counterpart of which reason Ringwood remained with his lordship.

"I take good care," said the nobleman, "that he doesn't drink my spirits and wines." And in a moment of complete expansion, he had been known to remark: "The man eats a deal less than one of your blamed healthy, sober fellows."

Lady Challoner liked Ringwood, who was, she said, very kind to her. And, in his own way, it was true that he had a compassionate regard for his mistress, though she had an absent way of calling him "Ringworm" which drove him alternately almost to tears or to apoplectic rage, according as his last potation had left him maudlin or morose.

Except for a certain quavering of the legs and the beacon of his nose, Ringwood was gloomily sober that morning. He became almost sepulchral when he realised that there would be one extra for lunch. But Jane was too much oc-

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cupied with her new idea to pay any attention to this omen. She hurried Coralie through the dank hall, up the mouldy stairs, haunted by perceptible ghosts of departed mutton and ineradicable cabbage, to the room derisively known as her ladyship's boudoir.

Coralie thought that the seer's den had been frivolous compared to this apartment, with its flock paper that had once been chocolate brown and was now every shade of decomposed hue; with its great blank window, dirt-encrusted, looking over a blank wall—and therefore unshaded by any protective drapery. It had a Brussels carpet, purchased at the time of Jane's marriage, which, with its fearsome terra-cotta and putty design, "rose up out of all the dinginess and slapped you in the face," as Coralie described it. To add a last and almost fantastic touch—a row of silhouettes in court plaster, of bygone Challoner relatives, and of daguerreotypes with livid blue sheen had been hung around the room, by a hand that disdained symmetry.

The American shivered as the door closed her in; but Jane was in a fever of joyous impatience and would permit of no dallying before setting to business.

She produced some loose sheets of paper from a pile, part of which was already covered with the most fantastic squirls.

"Now, dear Coralie, you see I take the pencil in my left hand, and you place your fingers upon my wrist. I feel sure you are a medium—dear me, isn't it interesting? You see I couldn't write like this, if I tried. So it must be supernatural agency, as Sophy Carmichael says. . . . Oh, they're coming, they're coming! Don't you feel them?"

Jane's lean form began to twitch in an alarming manner, but her countenance was beatific. The fingers clutching the pencil jerked, and the pencil executed a flourish distantly resembling a cocoon.

"Now we must ask it questions," panted Jane.

"Ask who?" demanded Coralie, her lip tilted with astonishment, regardless of grammar.

"It," answered Jane solemnly. "It—my spirit, my earth spirit. Ask, ask: 'Are you there?' "

"Are you there?" said the other obediently.

Afterwards she gave a full description of the scene to her husband:

"I declare one would never have believed it, if one had not been there; I really do think there was some little devil making fun of poor old Jane. The questions she made me ask, and the things that that pencil wrote; and, oh my, its handwriting and spelling! A tipsy fly would have been ashamed of them!—'Are you there?' I asked.—'Yes,' wrote the thing.—'Who are you?' (That was my own question, I thought I'd just like to know.) It was not going, however, to give itself away so easy.—'I have many names.'—Yes, it wrote that; it took us about five minutes to make it out. It got so cross in the end that it nearly drove the pencil through the paper. (No, Ernest, it wasn't Jane; it was 'It.' It had a very nasty temper.)—'When did we meet?' asks Aunt J.—'Hundreds of years ago.' —'And what was she then?' (That was *my* question.)—'A Merovingian.' It broke the point of the pencil over that and it cost us a sheet of paper. (Do you see dear Jane as Merovingian?)—'What were you?'—'A Frankish chief.'—'What was your name?'—'Caractacus.' (Oh, you may laugh, Ernest, but it *reelly* seemed to know!) —'Did we meet and love?' sighs Aunt Jane with her head on one side.—'Yes,' writes the thing very clearly.—'Ask if I was his wife?' she whispered to me. The thing wrote *'No.'* (Well, of course, I had to find out more.)—'What was she?' What do you think it wrote?"

Here Coralie fell into one of her helpless gurgles of laughter; and it was some time before she could bring out the words:

" 'Light o' love!'—It did, it did. . . . It wrote it quite clearly. Oh, you should have seen Jane's face—horror struggling with a lawless joy.—'Was Aunt Jane just the same as she is now?' I asked.—'Yes,' it wrote.—(Oh my, your relatives are funny, Ernest!) 'Would you mind, dear Coralie,' she murmured

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to me then, 'asking him what I wore in those days?' And the pencil set off at a hand gallop:—'Skin,' spells out Jane and nearly faints. Well, I had to tell her it was all right and that it was really skins, and that she was probably a deal more covered than when she last went to Court—or I don't think she'd ever had any dealings with that spirit again. She was *reel* disappointed, though. She doesn't see herself in skins, poor old darling!—'There's just one more question I want to put,' she went on after a while: 'Did I know Challoner in that previous state of existence?' Well, the pencil got in such a rage as you never saw, and It wrote 'No, no, no,' and tore the paper right across. 'Oh my dear, Caractacus is jealous,' says your aunt all of a flutter. 'I'm afraid he doesn't like Challoner, dear Coralie.' 'Don't you like Uncle Challoner?' I ask. And Caractacus answers 'Dam.—D A M—dam. He didn't put an *n* to it, but it read just as emphatic—O my goodness, poor Aunt J., she was in a regular taking!—'My dear,' she said to me, 'I'm afraid this is becoming quite improper. . . .' Aunt Jane and Caractacus! Oh, oh—oh! what a morning I've had!"

The gong rolled through Challoner House as if the call to luncheon was the call to Judgment. And Coralie, accompanying her relative down to the dining-room, felt as if she were being lowered into the family vault.

Lord Challoner was a small man, with a bald, wrinkled head, and two tufts of yellow-grey hair brushed fiercely upward from his ears. His eyebrows, on the other hand, were bushy enough to have furnished quite a respectable *toupee*. Beneath them, his little fierce eyes moved with something of the restless cunning of a boar. His thin lips closed like a trap over a complete and dazzlingly improbable set of teeth. He was clad in garments of an antique cut, with a high collar widely open in front and springing up in two aggressive points, between which the narrow chin lay embedded. Scrupulously neat, in person and garb, he diffused a strong smell of the common yellow soap which his economy and his taste preferred.

When Jane had crowned her weak-minded career by marrying "Stingy Challoner," she had done so in defiance of any likelihood of happiness, but with the full approbation of her mother. To that type of her period and class an earl was an earl; and what could poor Jane expect but to be married for her money?

It is doubtful indeed whether Lady Challoner ever regretted the step; snubbed to the earth as she was by her lord—who despised her too much to consider her worth anger—condemned to an atmosphere of gloom and penury, there was yet a freedom, a sense of dignity in her married state and position which she had lacked under the equally contemptuous, if opulent, sway of her mother. So long as she did not outurn her allowance, which with poor Jane, however, was sometimes the case, so long as some act of hers did not involve the spending of an extra penny, she did as she liked. And not five years of scornful comment, or still more scornful silence on her husband's part, had robbed her of her confiding ways.

She knew better, however, than to confide the occupations of the morning, especially that part of them which had cost two guineas of good money, to Lord Challoner; but she slipped into her seat at table with a deprecating, not to say guilty, air, which certainly would have roused his curiosity if he had cared enough about her to indulge in it.

"How do you do, Uncle Challoner?" said Coralie.

"Hallo, hallo!" said the peer, stopping in the trot with which he had entered the dining-room, to glare at her with small, angry eyes. "I didn't know . . . Jane, you never informed me you had issued an invitation.—Who's this? Who's this?"

While Jane hugged herself and babbled of dear Coralie, dear Coralie introduced herself with distinguished composure.

"Humph— you call yourself my niece, do you? Do you expect me to kiss you?"

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The horrible china teeth here displayed themselves. It was just possible that Lord Challoner intended a joke.

"Oh, no, if you please, Uncle Challoner!" said Mrs. Jamieson in her most delicate and ladylike tone, and undulated into her seat.

The dining-room was a vast apartment, and the mausoleum effect grew every moment stronger upon Coralie. The mahogany sideboard was shaped like a huge sarcophagus; a couple of cellarettes that flanked it on either side were like small sarcophagi; two wooden urns might have held ashes of some past Challoners for aught she knew. There were wax candles, saffron with age, in tall, black, brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, which itself jutted forward like a monument and was of monumental granite. Over this hung the hatchment of the last Earl—according to the present Earl's hilarious fancy. In specially jocose moments he would make allusions to the day when it would be refurbished in his or Jane's honour.

It is needless to say that Jane was allowed no authority in housekeeping matters. Every meal therefore was a fresh triumph for the old nobleman's ingenious economy. Coralie started a little to find a massive silver dish containing a small brown mess protruded under her nose by Ringwood.

"Rabbit 'ash—mem?"

Coralie looked at it doubtfully, and Ringwood—an expression of sympathy creeping over his melancholy red-nosed visage—bent and whispered in her ear:

"There's a couple of pork resoles—but I would 'ardly recommend them, mem."

"Anything wrong, anything wrong?" cried my lord, who, being somewhat deaf, could not endure *sotto-voce* conversation.

"Oh, no, Uncle Challoner," said Coralie, with sickly mendacity—she was hungry after her long morning. She helped herself gingerly to a minute portion of the brown mess, and trusted in potatoes.

"What will you drink—eh?"

"Oh—water, please," said Coralie prudently. She was anxious to divert attention from the subject of her food, as she toyed with the terror on her plate. It was like a dog's dinner she told herself. "How well you are looking, Uncle Challoner," she went on.

Indeed, considering his choice of food, Lord Challoner was looking remarkably healthy, in a wizened way.

This innocent remark, however, aroused an acrimony for which she was not prepared.

"Well?—Well? I am this moment suffering from ten, distinct, mortal diseases, young woman; any one of which may carry me off, at any moment. How can I possibly look well?—Ask Jane there. Isn't she planning her widow's weeds already, eh?"

"Dear me, dear me!"—Jane started from her absent rapture. "What did you say, dear Caractacus?"

"What's that?" said her lord, with the sudden, acute hearing of the deaf.

"Rabbit 'ash or pork resoles," interposed Ringwood, with evidently benevolent intention.

"'Ash?" Jane was flustered. "'Ash——I mean sole, Ringworm."

"Soles?" repeated Ringwood, touched on his sore point. "There ain't no soles." His lips curled with withering sarcasm. "It's *re*soles, my lady." ("As if there was ever any soles in this 'ouse," he commented later to the cook.)

Coralie succumbed at last to laughter. Lord Challoner surveyed her a moment or two in silence.

"Very funny, ain't it?" he remarked then acidly.

"Well" (it was thus Coralie finished recounting her experience to her sympathetic husband) "it just took away the rest of my appetite, which was rather lucky, for after the dog's dinner there was a suet dumpling. It was half-past two o'clock before I got out of that vault. My, Ernest, I felt I'd been through just a *reel ordeel;* that I'd die if I didn't have some sustenance. As I popped into the car, I gasped, 'Jules.' And once at Jules's, '*Soignez-moi un petit déjeûner,*' I said to the head-waiter. That's a very nice man, Ernest; he did *soigné* me. I don't know I ever enjoyed a meal more—if only you'd been with me, my old darling!" she added apologetically.

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CHAPTER III

Norah had been allowed to be present when the doctor was informed of the true story touching the thermometer. Indeed, Lady Gertrude had bidden the young lady narrate the facts herself; and the young lady had found it a chastening experience. Somehow the doctor failed to grasp the humour of the situation; and he likewise contrived to make the perpetrator of the joke feel as if she had done something not only unkind, but foolish.

When he had departed, Norah turned for sympathy to her mother and found her grave; with a look in her eyes as if she were sorry for her daughter—not for her unpleasant half-hour, but because she had so richly deserved it.

Thinking back upon the afternoon, in the solitude of her own room, Norah thought there had been some such expression in Enniscorthy's glance; he, too, so ready for mirth at her smallest pleasantry, had not seemed to find food for it in her most recent and succcessful demonstration. Upon this realisation there had come a storm of tears; and thereafter, the banded hair and the subdued aspect.

Now, toward eleven o'clock the next morning, Gertrude Esdale, a cool and charming figure in her tan-coloured tussore gown and burnt-straw garden hat, was passing through the hall on her way to the roses, when a letter, addressed in Norah's hand, caught her eye. It lay on the hall-table, ready for post. She bent over it, and became lost in a muse of anxious complexion. *"The Earl of Enniscorthy."* What was the child writing to him about? How did matters stand between them? She could not forget yesterday's impressions: Norah's cry of "Good-bye, dear, dear Enn," and his silence, his unresponsiveness, his departure without a farewell look! She turned the letter over in her hand, one moment deliberating whether she should not take it back to the writer and demand to see the contents. The next instant, she repudiated the thought. She would neither force her child's confidence, nor make the grievous mistake of attaching importance to an episode which, at Norah's age, it was most desirable should make no mark upon her mind. She must devise some other course of action to encompass the natural cessation of an intimacy which might be fraught with danger.

As she took up her basket and scissors again, there came a curious opportunity to her resolution. The tread of a slowly ridden horse approached and dropped into silence before the wide-open hall door, and, looking toward the brilliant square of sunlight, she saw, outlined against it, the silhouette of rider and steed. The slight, alert silhouette could only belong to Enniscorthy.

She came forward to meet him, and as he swung himself out of the saddle and turned to her, she saw, with a leap of the heart, that he carried a large bunch of white roses. The first words, however, dispelled the joyful allusion; the mother's heart sank with a feeling of disappointment she had hardly ever known for herself; the flowers were not for her child.

"Seems rather ridiculous," the young man was saying, blushing to the roots of his hair—he was always a little shy of his Cousin Gertrude—"to be bringing roses to this house, don't you know. But I thought Fräulein might like them. She was rather seedy yesterday, I'm afraid . . . and I'm afraid we teased her."

Lady Gertrude, folding her serene lips more closely than usual, regarded him a while in silence before replying. He met her glance unflinchingly, though the colour rose higher on his smooth face. Then she gave a faint sigh:

"Norah teased her, you mean. She is very sorry for it now. And we must not forget that she is still a complete child, in spite of her inches. The flowers are a kind thought, Enniscorthy—and Fräulein will be delighted. She is better, though we are keeping her in bed."

She took the roses from him; and as he turned back and placed a hand on his saddle, arrested him:

"No, don't go now. I will ring for them to take your horse round. I should like to have a talk with you, since you are here."

"Why, certainly, Cousin Gertrude," answered the boy in his courteous way. But there was an air of slight perturba-

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tion about him, as he followed her into the dim, cool spaces of the hall.

Lady Gertrude, with her usual deliberation, despatched the roses to their destination. Then she invited the young man to accompany her into the garden. "The morning is too lovely to be wasted indoors."

The blazing sunshine that poured down on the rosary drove them into the shadowed way that led toward the Home, Park of Windsor. Lady Gertrude spoke of trivial things; but her companion was sensitive enough to feel some purpose under these preliminaries. And, characteristically, himself began the attack upon the subject that, as he suspected, lay between them.

"I know I ought not to have taken Norah off in the motor yesterday. I hope you are not angry with her—it was all my fault."

Lady Gertrude paused in her walk. He faced her; and, again, her searching glance met his honest eyes. He was not blushing now. He looked self-possessed and detached, as he stood, a ray of sunshine tipping with pale gold the thick, close-cut hair. He was far too self-possessed and detached, for Lady Gertrude's wishes; her heart hardened against him.

"No, my dear boy," she said, "you shouldn't have run away with my little girl yesterday. Young as you both are, you and she will have to learn that your days of playing truant are over—Norah is seventeen, Enniscorthy, and people are already beginning to attach importance to what you do."

The blood ran to his cheek at that, but his eye never wavered. He repeated his apology with a variation:

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh, don't imagine that I am angry! There is nothing to be angry about. It's quite a natural thing in our eyes that you should take your cousin about—you are playmates, almost brother and sister in each other's eyes."

She was looking at him as if she would read into his very soul. He made no reply whatsoever. His glance shifted from hers to stare into the glade. No line of his clear young face wavered. She, who had hoped for some sign of emotion upon this statement, was conscious of a sinking heart. Mother, before aught else in this world, she felt for her daughter a keenness of disappointment that she could scarcely ever have felt for herself.

"He does not care for her," she thought; "and my little girl—cares."

The summer midday silence lay over the wood; like a sigh a wandering breeze set now and again the leafy forest breast a-heaving, scarcely enough, however, to alter the shadows drawn on the wide, sunny patches between the great beech-trees. There were white and lilac blossoms on trailing brambles; and an elder tree was starred with milky flowers that sent out an aromatic pungency to mix with the indescribable sweetness of the beech leaves in the sun.

Enniscorthy began to whistle under his breath.

"I say, isn't it a jolly day!"

Lady Gertrude walked on a few steps; she knew that an inadmissible discomposure was writing itself upon her countenance. More than anything she had ever wanted, she wanted her daughter's future happiness. She wanted it ensured by position, fortune and good fellowship; and there was no one more likely to bring her child these desirable things than the young man at her side. But, apart from this, she had the most passionate anxiety to keep the girl from the blight of an early disillusion, and in spite of her watchfulness, her untiring maternal thought, such a catastrophe seemed imminent. A sense of helpless anger took possession of her; the old bitter resentment over the eternal inequality of man and woman. Yonder smooth-faced, slim boy, with his indifferent eyes, held the happiness, the fate of her child in his hands, merely because of his manhood's prerogative of choice; and she, because of her womanhood, must smile and hide, give no glimpse of her desire, her anxiety; even as by-and-bye her little Norah must smile and hide and feign indifference. The deeper the wound, the more gaily it must be veiled—because they were—women; because he was—man!

The while he stepped, softly whis-

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tling. But diplomacy is the weapon of the weaker creature; and Gertrude Esdale was a born diplomatist. She had failed to make her young cousin speak his mind, she had failed to strike one spark of lover's fire from him; she now, out of her knowledge of masculine nature, cast her last dart.

"It is understood, then," she said suddenly, facing him with a pleasant smile, "though we know there is no more reason why Norah should not run about with you than if you were her brother, the world does not know it; and as we don't want all the merry wives of Windsor to say you are engaged, you will please, my dear Enniscorthy, find another young lady for your motor drives."

"Oh, I say!" said Enniscorthy.

But he smiled back as he spoke, and searching as her eye was, beyond a mild, almost jocular air of protest, she could discover in him no symptom of dismay. She continued:

"You may say we can laugh at gossip. A man can. A girl cannot. To us, of course, the idea of an engagement between cousins, such children as you are, would seem the utmost absurdity. I have always disliked the idea of marriage between cousins," she pursued in a dreamy tone which was the perfection of artfulness.

"Look here, Cousin Gertrude, you've got a trailer after you. I'll stamp on it, you walk on. Oh, no, I say, that won't do! Stand still, and I'll get the beggar off without tearing your frills. What a bore it must be to have such a lot of lace about one."

His face was scarlet as he rose from his task. Easily explained, no doubt, by his stooping attitude on so hot a day.

Lady Gertrude went pensively across the brilliant, shadeless sward between the roses, into the house. She had gained not an atom of satisfaction, had scored no point, reached no conclusion. Nevertheless she had flung a seed into the furrow of masculine perverseness; it might fructify. Tell a man you prefer his not doing a thing—and raise the desire.

When they reached the hall she picked up Norah's letter from the table and handed it to him.

"If this is to make a new assignation," she said with a laugh, pointing the double meaning of her concluding words, "I hope, Enniscorthy, that you will be on duty, or otherwise engaged, that day."

He held the envelope between his fingers, a moment or two before answering.

"Am I not to see Norah any more, then?" he asked in a somewhat low voice.

"Oh, my dear boy, of course; we all hope to see you, a great deal of you. More especially now that your uncle has returned. He will be sorry to have missed you this morning. Will you not dine to-night?"

He stood a second longer in thought, then slipped the letter unopened into his pocket.

"Right! Thanks awfully!" he cried cheerfully. "No, don't trouble to ring, I'll run around to the stables and pick up my gee. Good-bye!"

"I gave Enniscorthy your letter myself."

"What?" cried Norah, springing up from the table where she had been yawning over a German exercise. "What, is Enn here?"

"He has been and gone."

"What! Gone without seeing me? Why did nobody tell me?"

"He did not ask to see you, Norah."

"I don't believe it. What did he come for then?" The green eyes shot fury.

"He brought some roses."

"What's been done with them?"

"They were not for you."

"Not for me!" Norah's voice rose into incredulous shrillness.

"They were for Fräulein, my dear."

The tears rushed into the same green eyes, and Lady Gertrude's heart ached.

"For Fräulein! How idiotic!" cried the girl, winking and forcing the trembling corners of her mutinous mouth into a smile of derision.

Lady Gertrude knew that this was not the moment for softness.

"You must really try and remember, Norah, that your cousin cannot be per-

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petually at your beck and call now that he has duties and responsibilities of his own. He is very good-natured to you. But he is not a school-boy any more. I think," she added more gently, "that your cousin's conscience smote him for the trick that you both played on Fräulein yesterday."

"He had nothing to say to it," said Norah, who spoke in a strangled voice, bending over her copybook, and elaborately dotting and crossing letters even where no dots or crosses should be. Then she raised her head and tossed her red plait. "I don't care," she said.

"Well," said Lady Gertrude, smiling, "the matter may now be allowed to drop, I think. Enniscorthy will dine to-night; try and behave a little more decorously when you meet."

She closed the schoolroom door before waiting for a reply, but not before she had time to see the flush of joy on her daughter's face. A deep sigh escaped her. Every fibre of her motherhood seemed in pain. How much was her girl to suffer before they reached the end of this episode?

It was only when she passed the open door of one of the guest-chambers and saw the maids busy within, that she remembered her expected visitor and her own conjugal problem.

A small smile crept upon her lips. The phrase with which a languid friend of hers used to epitomise existence returned to her mind:

"Life is such a wear!"

She echoed it now fervently, with a difference.

"Men are such a wear!"

(To be continued)

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Clement Shorter's "Napoleon and His Fellow-Travellers"*

One would suppose that after the minute researches of a thousand students of Napoleonic history, led by the indefatigable Frédéric Masson, there would be nothing left for any one to drag into the light of day with reference to the mighty Corsican. None the less, Mr. Clement Shorter has given us a book which, like Lord Rosebery's, deals with a single episode of the Emperor's career. This book, which is entitled *Napoleon and His Fellow-Travellers,* describes the voyage which the fallen chief made in the British ship *Northumberland* from Plymouth to St. Helena. Mr. Shorter has gathered together some very rare letters and privately printed documents written by those who accompanied Napoleon on this voyage. Thus we have the narrative of Mr. George Home taken from his *Memoirs* and written when Home was a midshipman. There is also a letter—a very blunt and British letter—by Captain Charles Ross who commanded the *Northumberland.* Then we have a very interesting series of conversations with Napoleon from the pen of the Hon. W. H. Lyttleton who merely spent a day upon the ship, but whose knowledge of French enabled him to converse with Napoleon when the latter happened to be in a mood which disposed him to chat. These conversations are extremely valuable. Mr. Shorter says that only half a dozen copies of them are now extant. Finally there is the story of Dr. William Warden, a surgeon on the vessel, while appendices contain the off-hand story of an English schoolboy, one John Smart of Brixham, in addition to extracts from a journal by a naval lieutenant, and some reminiscences by Sir George Bingham, who accompanied Na-

*Napoleon and His Fellow-Travellers. By Clement Shorter. New York: Cassell and Company.

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poleon to St. Helena, but who never published anything on the subject during his lifetime. Here we have, therefore, glimpses of the great Emperor given by men of different stations and different temperaments; and, taken together, they are of great value. Perhaps the most amusing is the short letter written by Captain Ross. Ross knew no French, and, therefore, he understood nothing of what Napoleon said. He was also deeply imbued with British prejudices, and he speaks of Napoleon as "Boney." Here is his description of the illustrious prisoner, set down in his own manner:

I felt very much disappointed, as I believe everybody else did, in his appearance, as I have never seen a picture of him that conveys any likeness to what he really is. He appears by no means that active man he is said to be. He is fat, rather what we call pot-bellied, and although his leg is well shaped, it is rather clumsy, and his walk appears rather affected, something between a waddle and a swagger—but probably not being used to the motion of a ship might have given him that appearance. He is very sallow and quite light *Grey Eyes;* rather thin, greasy-looking brown hair, and altogether a very nasty, priest-like looking fellow. He was dressed in a dark green coat with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings and shoes and buckles, which has been his constant dress. He wears two or three orders, but one of them is a very large Star of the Legion of Honour.

With this description it is worth while to compare that given by Dr. Warden, an honest soul, who reminds one of Sherlock Holmes's *confrère,* the good Watson:

His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness; what hair he has behind is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are grey, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

Captain Ross, like all the other writers, seemed impressed by the fact that from his own suite Napoleon still received the deference due to an Emperor.

None of his own people ever appeared covered before him—nor do they now. They always style him "Sire" or "Your Majesty."

The bluff Ross adds, with apparent satisfaction:

John Bull was not quite so civil, as he never got more from us than any other general officer would. Indeed, he was received on board with the same salute—that of a Captain's Guard and three ruffles of the drum—as a General should be.

Of more real interest, however, than any of these narratives is Mr. Shorter's introduction in which he criticises the existing biographies of Napoleon. He recognises the brilliancy of Lord Rosebery's fascinating book, *The Last Phase;* yet he very properly regards it as fundamentally written around the memoirs of Gourgaud and as being unfair to other diarists. Mr. Shorter thinks that, as a rule, all English biographies are worthless; and he singles out for especial censure Sir John Seeley's history as being "utterly wrong-headed." The volume devoted to Napoleon in the *Cambridge Modern History* is marred by irrelevancy, "blind partisanship and a total lack of any sense of proportion." The latest life, that by Dr. John Holland Rose, is said to "echo the average British Philistine's view of Napoleon." Nevertheless, Mr. Shorter calls it "the only real biography of Napoleon in the English language that we may take seriously today." He evidently has not given much careful study to any American historians, for he lumps Johnson, "Tom" Watson and Professor Sloane together. It is a wonder that he did not drag in Miss Ida Tarbell and J. S. C. Abbott. Surely he cannot have read with care the monumental history by Professor Sloane, which represents years of careful research among the original sources of Napoleonic history. He seems never to

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have heard of Mr. J. C. Ropes. What appeals to us most, however, in this introduction, is the following statement and implied promise:

> Some years before Lord Rosebery gave us that interesting book, *Napoleon: the Last Phase*, it had been my ambition to write an account of the fallen Emperor's six years of exile at St. Helena, under the title of *Nepoleon and His Fellow-Prisoners*. . . . Lord Rosebery's remarkable critical summary of the episode made me, however, recognise the desirability of allowing my little volume to rest unwritten for a few years longer.

We trust that these years will be very few, since a book on this subject from Mr. Shorter's hand would be immensely readable. He is in thorough sympathy with Napoleon and makes the claim that his own countrymen were averse to renewing the gigantic war after Napoleon's return from Elba. He recalls the significant fact, which many have forgotten, that when the British regiments returned home after their victory at Waterloo they were actually hissed and hooted by the mob in some of the towns through which they passed. Mr. Shorter is also fair enough to set forth again the circumstance that out of the seventy thousand troops whom Wellington commanded at Waterloo, only twenty-four thousand were British subjects—the rest being Dutch, German and Belgians in addition to other soldiers, so that five languages were spoken in the army. Mr. Shorter justly says:

> We who are Englishmen are well entitled to glory in our share of the fight, in the bravery of our soldiers; for it was the culminating point in a great career that we have here, and we and our great general destroyed the victor of Arcola and of Lodi, of Austerlitz and of Jena. Yet it was a triumph of reaction, all the same, of Metternich and the Bourbons and the Russian Tsar; and the chains were welded more firmly upon the English labourer and the Irish peasant.

We repeat the expression of our hope that Mr. Shorter will not too long delay his projected volume. It is certain to be original and it will thus be a welcome addition to the existing mass of Napoleonic literature.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

Hall Caine's "My Story"*

It is a philosophical Hall Caine, considerably different from the disputatious Hall Caine of generally accepted belief, who introduces himself in the last chapter of *My Story*. What, after all, is the use of quarrelling with the critics, he says in acknowledging that some of the letters that he has sent to the newspapers have been intemperate and indiscreet. Still he intimates that they might have been more intemperate and indiscreet by telling of two of his friends who quarrelled in their attempt to collaborate. "But see what insulting letters you send me," said one. "You should see the letters I don't send you," retorted the other. Which anecdote is obviously a protest of his own moderation on the part of Mr. Caine. Yet now that he has come to five and fifty years he has reached the conclusion that it is best to leave adverse critics to themselves, holding that the most pathetic incident in literary history is that of Gogol, the father of Russian fiction, "going about in his last days from country house to country house with a carpet-bag full of adverse notices of his great novel, *Dead Souls*, reading them again and again, exhibiting them to his friends, complaining of them, railing against them, permitting them to suck his life-blood like so many literary leeches, until they killed him in his misery and shame. The shocking waste of Gogol's valuable life becomes hideously apparent when one says to one's self, '*Dead Souls* is here still, but where are the adverse notices, and, in the name of heaven, what were they?'"

To those who have been accepting Mr. Caine at the appraisement of his hostile critics, regarding him entirely in the light of a persistent self-exploiter, *My Story* will recall a novelist of considerable though uneven powers, and a literary workman whose fortune it has been to know some of the most interesting of the

*My Story. By Hall Caine. New York; D. Appleton and Company.

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English men of letters of his time. Dickens died when Hall Caine was a boy in his teens, yet he seems almost to have been in personal touch with Dickens through his intimate friendship with Wilkie Collins, who was Dickens's associate and collaborator. Rossetti he knew well and for many years, and a full third of this book is devoted to the life story of that gifted and unhappy man. He was one of Ruskin's staunch supporters at a time when it was the fashion for the newspapers to deride Ruskin's idea of political economy as something too pucrile for serious treatment, and Ruskin repaid his youthful championship with years of appreciation. Blackmore and Robert Buchanan were his close personal friends. Even in his youth, as the London representative of the Liverpool *Mercury,* he had the opportunity of forming the most interesting literary acquaintances. At the table of Theodore Watts Dunton he met Swinburne; under the wing of Lord Houghton he met Lord Coleridge; at the house of Coleridge he met Matthew Arnold and Robert Browning.

One of the best of Hall Caine's friendships was that with Wilkie Collins, which grew out of the latter's appreciation of *The Deemster.* Collins wrote to Caine, praising the book, but pointing out the need of more contrast and sunshine. "Look at two of the greatest of tragic stories, *Hamlet* and *The Bride of Lammermoor,* and see how Shakespeare and Scott take every opportunity of presenting contrasts and brightening the picture at the right place." Soon Caine went to visit his critic.

I found him in the heart of London, for he was then living in Gloucester Place. The house was large and rather dingy. The walls were panelled, the stairs were of stone, the hall was cold, and the whole house cheerless. The door had been answered by a man-servant, whose nervousness and diffidence told a long story in advance of the habits of close retirement observed by the master I had come to see. On the walls of the room that I was shown into hung pictures of the greatest interest. There was an etching of Dickens, that I had never seen anywhere else, showing a healthier and handsomer face than the one familiar to the public, without any signs either of the days of "Hungerford Market" or of the death's hand that lay heavy on it at the last. Then there was a portrait of Collins himself in the earliest years of his manhood, boyish, even girlish, almost childlike in its simple expression, and with the forehead that belonged to Collins alone—round, protrusive, and overhanging heavily. There was another portrait of the author by Millais, and a photograph by Sarony of New York, representing Collins when the boyish face was half-hidden by an abundant beard, and the youthful head had grown leonine.

Collins, like so many other English imaginative writers, was addicted to the use of drugs. Caine tells of calling upon him one day in 1888 to discuss a knotty point. Collins complained that his brain was not very clear, and turning to a closet he took out a wine-glass and what appeared to be a bottle of medicine. "I'm going to show you one of the secrets of my prison-house," he said with a smile, and then he poured from the bottle a full wine-glass of a liquid resembling port wine. "Do you see that?" he asked. "It's laudanum." And straightway he drank it off.

"Good heavens, Wilkie Collins!" I said, "how long have you taken that drug?"

"Twenty years," he answered.

"More than once a day?"

"Oh, yes, much more. Don't be alarmed. Remember that De Quincey used to drink laudanum out of a jug."

Then he told me a story, too long to repeat, of how a man-servant of his had killed himself by taking less than half of one of his doses.

"Why do you take it?" I asked.

"To stimulate the brain and steady the nerves."

"And you think it does that?"

"Undoubtedly," and laughing a little at my consternation, he turned back to the difficult subject I had come to discuss. "I'll see it clearer now. Let us begin again," he said.

Collins further justified his habit by saying that laudanum had the same stimulating and steadying effect on Bulwer Lytton. Yet when Caine asked him whether he would advise him (Caine) to resort to the drug, Collins changed colour slightly and said "No."

Blackmore in the eyes of Hall Caine

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was not naturally a story-teller, though a splendid recorder of stories. He invented very little and depended largely on fact and memory. He told Caine that for almost everything he had written he had the authority of some original. John Ridd had his counterpart in life, and Blackmore's old father, a clergyman of the old type, often served his son as a model. Lorna Doone, Caine regarded as coming more directly out of her creator's heart. But as a rule he seldom trusted himself in the invention of incident. It was much the same with George Eliot, and the success of these two proved that it is possible to write great novels without being by natural gift a story-teller at all. Blackmore became a novelist by pressure of circumstances.

After leaving the university he was for a while a tutor, and then entered the chambers of a conveyancer named Warner, and was called to the Bar. But no practice came to him, and he began to write—on classical subjects first, by the choice of his mind, for he was an excellent Greek scholar. Nobody wanted his scholarship, however, and he began to ask himself what the public really did want. His first attempts at popularity were in the way of the drama, and he wrote on a Scandinavian subject a play which was never produced. It had a powerful dramatic incident and some excellent dialogue, but no motive and no structure. Failing to interest the actors, he went next to the public direct with an essay in fiction. Here his success was better, although not quick, and culminated in the great triumph of *Lorna Doone*.

A strange figure in the London world of letters was Robert Buchanan, that robust Ishmaelite whose article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry" had brought so much pain to Rossetti, William Morris and Swinburne. Caine first met him about two months after Rossetti's death, and a few days later Buchanan wrote a letter explaining the motive which had led him to make his attack.

In perfect frankness, let me say a few words concerning our old quarrel. While admitting freely that my article in the *Contemporary Review* was unjust to Rossetti's claims as a poet, I have ever held, and still hold, that it contained nothing to warrant the manner in which it was received by the poet and his circle. At the time it was written the newspapers were full of panegyric; mine was a mere drop of gall in an ocean of *eau sucrée*. That it could have had on any man the effect you describe I can scarcely believe; indeed, I think that no living man had so little to complain of as Rossetti on the score of criticism. Well, my protest was received in a way which turned irritation into wrath, wrath into violence; and then ensued the paper war which lasted for years. If you compare what I have written of Rossetti with what his admirers have written of myself, I think you will admit that there has been some cause for *me* to complain, to shun society, to feel bitter against the world; but, happily, I have a thick epidermis, and the courage of an approving conscience.

In view of the magnificent manner in which Hall Caine lives in the days of his affluence, here indicated by the several illustrations showing Greeba Castle, the novelist's home in the Isle of Man, the pages telling of his early years of struggle and the earnings of his first books have a particular significance. For his first story he received one hundred pounds for serial rights and afterward seventy-five pounds for the copyright out and out. For his second book he fared but little better, and for his third, the first novel of Manx life, *The Deemster,* which contained the work of a laborious year plus the Manx lore acquired during the eighteen years of his youth, he received one hundred and fifty pounds in all. "I had been writing for ten years, and had published at least five novels, every one of them considered a success, before I had made a penny beyond what was necessary to meet the most modest of daily needs."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

H. A. Bruce's "American Expansion"*

The story of our expansion has been told many times, both "by parcels" and "intentively." Mr. Addington Bruce has no special gifts or advantages, so far as appears, for telling it over again. His notion, as one gathers it from his preface and from the body of his text, is to elicit

*The Romance of American Expansion. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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the "romance" of it by exhibiting the picturesqueness of the personalities engaged in the various stages and steps of it. That is what a Carlyle, for example, in his place, would have done, and done memorably and strikingly. Sure enough, *vixerunt fortes* beyond and even within living memory, John Charles Frémont, for example, as well as Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, who were generations earlier concerned in *The Winning of the West,* as our ex-President picturesquely puts it. Mr. Bruce's intentions are thus far honourable, but not perfectly executed. What good does it do anybody, for example, to read of Daniel Boone:

> He was cradled to the whispering of the forest trees and the singing of the birds that flitted through their branches; and from the moment that he was old enough to walk, the forest never called to him in vain. As a boy it was his delight to wander from the open fields, past the cordon of blackened stumps that marked the edge of the primeval depths, there to study the ways of nature and lay the foundations of his after mastery of woodcraft.

That is fine writing, if you like, even "romance" of the opera kind, if you like. But evidently it does not get us "any forader." As Dr. Johnson remarked to the young man who ventured upon the assertion that "we had an excellent sermon this morning": "That may be, sir; but it is impossible that you should know it."

Or take this about young Thomas Jefferson:

> From the wilderness which stretched for miles about the little clearing he drew in with his first breath sentiments of freedom and liberality. As he grew older and roamed through the forest, gun in hand, these sentiments were deepened by contemplation of the open and untrammelled ways of nature. He perceived, too, in the broad vistas of woodland, valley, mountain range and stream a perpetual symbol of the vastness and grandeur and opportunities of the land in which he lived.

Again the irrepressible inquiry, "How can he possibly know?" A great many boys grew up among the surroundings of the youth of Jefferson, and a great many other boys among those of Daniel Boone, without being moved to negotiate purchases of Louisiana, or to become pioneers of Kentucky. All this talk, well meant though it may be "to add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," is in fact superfluous and negligible. The reader who reads either for amusement or instruction has to demand, "I prythee, now, deliver them like a man of this world."

Almost the worst of it is that our Ancient Pistol really has "tidings" and could tell a straight and interesting story, if he were not obsessed with the delusion that it was incumbent upon him to disfigure it with this glamour which is no glamour of sham romance. He has read up the various "expansions" apparently with fidelity. His last chapter, which is bibliographical, exhibits not only the extent of his researches, but the really critical spirit that has presided over them, and that, if he had given it a fair chance, would have made his book really worth reading. The expansions to which we were born and which we have achieved, as it seems from a new perusal of the story, were alike thrust upon us. That is a fact which goes far toward invalidating the criticisms of our "anti-Imperialists" about the latest of the expansions. The fact that John Hay's attractive and illuminating "Letters" are announced on the title-page as "printed but not published," while it precludes criticism, does not, one hopes, preclude citation. In one of them there is this allusion to the leading journalistic anti-Imperialist of 1900, whose initial "G" is a quite transparent mask for the late editor of the *Evening Post:*

> He says McKinley and I are "the most dangerous scoundrels by whom any country was ever beset." It always amuses a weak altruist like me to hear myself called a dangerous scoundrel, and so I am grateful to G.

Our latest expansion was such a stroke of "manifest destiny," was so plainly and suddenly thrust upon us, that it had no pioneers. And the pioneers are, of course, the picturesque characters of "empire building." It makes a great difference whether you pursue an elephant

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to his jungle, or suddenly find him on your hands, as the ex-President who is about to alternate the latter figurative with the former literal predicament is in the way to discover. The picturesqueness of Mr. Bruce's account of the pioneers is much enhanced by the actual portraits, as good and authentic, apparently, as could be found, from Daniel Boone to John Charles Frémont. This last portrait, by the way, as the major-general's uniform would suffice to show, is by no means the "Pathfinder" of 1842, but the ambitious and insubordinate soldier of twenty years later who was one of the most irritating in Lincoln's crown of thorns, but at either period one of the handsomest and most ingratiating of men. Text, illustrations and all, Mr. Bruce's volume is worth looking through. It does include a concise and popular and well-informed account of its subject, though that fact is obscured by the fine writing which some friendly blue pencil ought remorselessly to have deleted.

Montgomery Schuyler.

IV

Robert Grant's "The Chippendales"*

The Chippendales, like other novels by Judge Grant, leaves one a little uncertain as to how its author should be taken: as an ingenuous and rather garrulous chronicler of the commonplaces of contemporary modern American life or as a subtle though circumstantial commentator thereupon—a satirist who chooses the mask of simplicity. By simplicity I do not mean directness. This writer circumnavigates every situation, every phase of every situation, with much verbal troubling of the waters, a continual and rather clumsy flap and splash of words in the raw. It is as hard for him to be done with a scene or an episode as it is for Mr. James; and yet he has no finesse of style. On the contrary, he expresses himself often with a crudity almost rustic. "In the state of mind Priscilla was in, he impressed her as being one of the sanest and most pleasant-looking young men she had ever beheld." Is this the speech of a learned judge or the dialect of a country newspaper?

On the other hand, nothing is clearer than that the story as a whole has a kind of solidity and effectiveness. This is no more due to novelty of plot than to happiness of style. The action is extremely slow, and the things that happen are perfectly obvious. In fact, the book is hardly as much novel as a study of Boston in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Judge Grant of course knows his ground here most intimately, and there is perhaps no aspect of the city's life during the period in question upon which he fails to touch—the life of "Brahmin" Boston, that is, for it is the older flower of Boston civilisation which primarily concerns us. At least, we are encouraged to see everything from the point of view of those who dwell on the "water side of Beacon Street," or, at worst, on the "sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue." Our vision is limited chiefly to that of Mrs. (Chippendale) Sumner: "Bounded on the north by Harvard College, on the east by the dome of the State House and by Boston Common, on the south by the Boston Art Museum, and on the west by Mt. Auburn cemetery. And latterly might be added, on the north, northeast by the Associated Charities, and on the south, southwest by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Whatever affected these landmarks stirred her deeply, for they seemed to her to represent individually and to embody collectively the spirit of enlightened human progress."

The Chippendales, in short, embody that old Boston respectability and culture which have been so rudely challenged during the past two or three decades. Enlightened human progress has been construed otherwise by the nation at large, and even the proud citadel on Beacon Hill has not been inviolate of change. The survival of the ancient spirit in the younger generation is here represented in Henry Chippendale Sumner; the spirit of change, the commercial and utilitarian spirit, by one Hugh Blaisdell, an alien by birth and instinct. Blaisdell comes to Boston in the early eighties, a self-sufficient and

*The Chippendales. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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self-seeking but hearty and amiable youth, bent upon making his fortune. A letter of introduction gives him an opening in the office of a State Street broker, where he soon makes himself invaluable. He advances by strides, and is presently in a position of influence as regards all questions of public improvement; or, according to Henry Sumner, of public demoralisation. Sumner, the champion of conservatism and idealism, is doomed to oppose Blaisdell at all points—for the most part in vain. However, he has his victories, as in the famous "Bacchante" controversy and in carrying off the girl of Blaisdell's (second) choice. But in spite of him Blaisdell's subway undermines the common, and Blaisdell's skyscrapers profane the classic outline of Beacon Hill. Blaisdell thinks Sumner a fool for refusing to change his name in order to inherit half a million; and Sumner thinks Blaisdell an unmitigated rascal because neither his motives nor his methods square with Sumner's own standard of absolute rectitude. And of course neither is right.

The elder Chippendales are an interesting series of survivals; but the family has its own representative of the modern idea. A State Street place coveted by Blaisdell on his first arrival in Boston, is held for this Chauncey Chippendale because (by a play of doubtful scrupulousness) he has won a football game for Harvard against Yale. He becomes Blaisdell's chief rival, but the outsider revenges himself against Chauncey and the whole race of Chippendales by reducing him to second place in State Street and by marrying his sister. The conclusion reached by Judge Grant at the end of his six hundred pages is that "the type for which Henry Sumner stands is waning fast before the pressure of foreign and visible forces." Boston is now "an already cosmopolitan city, proud of its traditions and its glory. Richer than ever in the fruits of its industry and thrift, seething—still seething—with all the problems of the universe, will it hold its distinction as a moulder of thought and a quickener of conscience when Henry and his like slumber with the mastodon and the buffalo? That is for posterity to answer. Or, if you are impatient to know, ask Blaisdell. He can tell you anything."

H. W. Boynton.

V

Mr. Chambers's "Special Messenger"*

When a novelist has reached the point where he can produce a story by formula he has found the paradise of all writers. Henceforth writing is no longer a matter of intellectual exertion, but of purely mechanical ingenuity. Every craftsman will admire the ease with which in his latest book Mr. Chambers demonstrates his right to this post-graduate degree of the complete fictionist. In all his stories hitherto there has been something of the amateur, some element of the unexpected, the incalculable, that has kept the reader now and then in a state of feverish expectancy lest the thing shall not turn out exactly as it seems bound to do. There have even been times when his characters threatened actually to run away with him and work out their own individual destinies, regardless of his manipulation. One remembers Malcourt, the polished villain of *The Firing Line,* who after a thoroughly villainesque and uninteresting beginning turns out to be something very like a real hero, and threatens to push his pasteboard rival, the nominal hero, clean off the stage. Such are the effects of human frailty in the novelist's trade, often demanding his constant vigilance and proving that his practice has not yet reached the precision of exact science.

But none of this amiable imperfection mars the symmetry of *Special Messenger.* Here we have the Chambers formula—perhaps more accurately the Chambers formulæ—perfectly adjusted, all its parts moving with the precision of machinery, so that there is never a click or jar as the wheels go round, keyed up to so many revolutions per chapter. It is the perfection of method. The product is the model of all Chambers stories, a sort of archetype or abstract Chambers-story-in-itself. Given this pattern and a factory equipped with modern appliances, the outcome of years of experience, and one

*Special Messenger. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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can picture Mr. Chambers turning out standardised novels in such quantities as the market demand will absorb.

Of course, he does not actually give away the secret, in spite of this naked exhibition of the model. The brand is sufficiently protected from infringement. But envious competitors can study the mechanism with profit. The essential parts are readily named. Most important, naturally, is the heroine. With an assurance which less practised novelists can only admire, Mr. Chambers has dared to make her a spy in the War of the Rebellion. Any minor novelist will tell you that the Civil War romance, with its inevitable complication of love between a gallant Northern soldier and a Southern girl or *vice versa,* was done to death years ago. But Mr. Chambers is above such counsels of caution. He believes with Mr. Chesterton that there is always romance in the world; and his *Special Messenger* is the embodiment of all the virtues of romance. But—and here is the significant difference—though her setting is the Civil War, her "tone" is that of the year 1909. Not the simple virtues of '63 for our jaded palates! Celia is beautiful and brave; she is also a bit morbid and complex of soul; she has a feminine love of finery and comforts, but she incurs danger with the reckless daring of a boy, not the desperate valour of a woman. Both her patriotism and her religion are tinged with cynicism. She is a lovely maiden, but she is capable of cold-bloodedly tempting a man to dishonour and kill himself to save her life. No, she is not the Civil War heroine we have known; she is merely the protagonist of Mr. Chambers's society novels set to *The Star Spangled Banner.*

After all, it is scarcely worth while to proceed further with the enumeration of essentials. The heroine is everything. Given her charming person, her qualities, her necessary stage settings and accessories, the rest may be worked out in a series of mathematical equations. The stories—for the book is a small sheaf of short stories, not a novel—are built in the regular style of such things, and from the usual materials. Mr. Chambers even descends to the clumsy expedient of resurrecting a dead man, as if by an afterthought, to provide a suitable hero to pair with the heroine. It is an insignificant defect. The author's eyes, and the reader's, are on Celia, who turns up in each chapter in a new disguise, facing some fresh danger, carrying out her rôle with her slightly *blasé,* weary air. With regard to her person Mr. Chambers has no mock-modest reticence. He dwells on her slim neck, her white arms, her small, firm hands, the delicate curve of the slender hips, her finely rounded ankles. At the slightest provocation the Special Messenger strips her fine silk stockings from her feet and divests herself of her garments to don a calico gown and slip her bare, white feet into coarse shoes. Once or twice she takes a surreptitious early morning plunge in a wooded stream, and emerges like a Diana. These are the great moments of the story. By them, if in no other way, the happy reader will recognise the kinship of this volume with the sensuously moral tales of the Smarter Set with which of late Mr. Chambers has regaled us.

Ward Clark.

VI

Wallace Irwin's "Japanese Schoolboy"*

It is one thing to read the letters of Hashimura Togo at intervals in *Collier's Weekly* and another thing to read them all together in a book. They are much better in a book because there are more of them. Their humour stands the test of continuous reading and survives the passing events that furnished the subjects. They belong to humorous literature as distinct from humorous journalism. We have a good deal of delectable humorous journalism in the Chicago papers, in the New York *Sun,* in the Emporia *Gazette* and the Atchison *Globe,* but it is a long, long time between true satirists. There will never be another Dooley. There will never be another Togo. The next satirist, who will be due in about ten years, will have difficulty in finding a voice and a lingo equal to those

*Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy ("Hashimura Togo"). By Wallace Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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of Mr. Dooley and Mr. Togo as a vehicle for comment upon current events and the old, old human foibles.

Several funny things have happened to add to the joy of true admirers of Togo. When the letters were appearing in *Collier's,* we had the pleasure of reading the kicks from subscribers who did not think Togo amusing. There are people just like that in America, which takes great pride in its national sense of humour. Editors in various parts of the country, following the lead of *Collier's* shrewd and dissembling advertisements on the editorial page, joined the solemn discussion of Mr. Irwin's faithfulness to Japanese English as she is wrote. Then the Letters had to be reviewed in the *Nation,* and *Nation* reviews are often funny to the reader who happens to know the book upon which the court is sitting. The *Nation* critic, with what Togo would call "Mrs. Humply Ward expression," traced the descent of Mr. Irwin's epistles from the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu and Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World;* good criticism is based upon a Wide Knowledge of Literature. In this case the erudition of the *Nation* critic failed, for students of comparative humour who have received a Ph.D. from Columbia know that Mr. Irwin's literary ancestors are Puljab, the Hindoo Jester, and Nils Jorgesson, who wrote *Letters from a Cake of Ice* in the thirteenth century. Professor Rudolf Thiermeyer has attempted to show that Jorgesson's work was of the twelfth century (see Historiographisches Zeitschriftzusammenkeit, Vol. 834, page 16), but his conclusions are not generally accepted by the leading scholars of Bryn Mawr and Miss Fitting's School for Young Ladies.

Mr. Irwin's satires, of course, have nothing to do with Japan or the Oriental point of view. His forerunners are A. Ward and Hosea Bigelow. The point of view is that of an American living anywhere between Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine. The dialect is a private formula which Mr. Irwin invented, just as Lowell invented for Hosea Bigelow a dialect which was never spoken in New England and never written by anybody else. The use of a dialect is twofold. It allows delightfully idiotic word play; Mr. Irwin's substitutes for the words "say" and "reply" ought to please George Meredith: "she defy," "I collapse," "abrupt he," "devote Frank," "simplify Nogi," "I snub for scorn." The second and deeper use of dialect is that it enables the satirist to take a common idea and make it sound fresh by the strangeness of the words. Anti-noise crusaders can argue with us about the wicked waste and insanity of the Fourth of July and leave us unconvinced, unpersuaded; we forget all about it until the morning of the Fourth. But one cannot forget the cold facts and good sense wrapped up by Mr. Irwin in this queer American-made kimona:

> Mr. Editor, by most nearly genuine statistick $3,000,000 are burned off of America by each annual July 4th. This are sufficient to build 1 of them battleships what Congress feel too poor to vote. Six hundred persons is entirely killed by this yearly bang-up. Such a number would make a very nice crew for such a battleship. They might sail it & never enjoy death until old age do it.

The educational uses of a queer style were understood by the great Victorian joker whom everybody took seriously for a long time, Thomas Carlyle. He compels the reader to attend to an idea that has been buried in the Bible or in sober political discourses by arraying it in an outlandish garb of capitals, italics and mad-house punctuation. But let anybody else try to imitate the style and see how impossible it is in other hands than those that made it. The invention of a pointed, grotesque language or the discovery of an omnibus caption under which any idea may be conveyed is only half the game. The discoverer must have ideas to fill the vehicle. The wittiest Irishman in Ireland cannot write Dooley. Only Mr. P. F. Dunne, a wise thinker, a keen observer of American life, can do the trick. The Togo mask would be a lifeless thing with two blank staring holes if Mr. Irwin's eyes ceased to twinkle through it.

The finest work in the Letters, to my mind, is the humorous verse. It is a new kind of comic poetry worthy the author of the outrageously well-constructed

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Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum. "Them poem that sound delicious in Japanese are better in English than any other funny poem in America since Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox become Hearst editor. 'International Cement' is the best thing that was written on the squabble over the 'Olympus Games.' And this on the honourable insects is profound as 'transferred from Japanese poetry'":

If Grasshop Bugs was morely scarce to see
And human persons was not used to its
Remarkabilious ways, all-world might be
Admiring of his limbs the way they fits.

But Grasshop Bugs has got around so thick
That persons sweep them up in pans and pails,
And Poets, while them lovelus Grasshops kick,
Are somewheres else admiring Nightingales.

John Macy.

DELIBERATION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

THERE are many things in the construction of a novel about which it is fairly safe to dogmatise; but the question of rapidity of narration is not one of these. Whether a story shall proceed with a certain sustained breathlessness of movement; whether it shall drag with a slowness akin to tediousness; or whether it shall choose a safe and leisurely middle ground are questions which depend upon the personality of the author far more than upon the structure of the story which he proposes to write. It is well, however, to note at the outset of this discussion that the term "rapidity of narration" is not to be taken in too literal a sense. It often happens that a paragraph of narrative which gives an effect of great swiftness of action and brevity of expression may occupy by actual count more lines than a description of the same scene by some other writer who happens to affect a slow and deliberate style. One has only to recall the time-honoured example of Alexander Pope's classic couplet—

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending grass and skims along the main.

to realise that the effects of speed and of deliberation may be obtained in lines that metrically occupy precisely the same length of time, while, by actual count, those giving the effect of swiftness require a greater number of syllables. And this same fact holds true equally in prose. Your deliberate story-teller, taking his own good time, telling his story in his own preferred way, may usually be trusted to reach the heart of it quicker and also to have worked up to his climax more effectively and, by actual count, with fewer words than the novelist who from the opening sentence gives you the effect of trying to make a record for verbal speeding. In the art of narration a straight line is not necessarily the shortest distance between two points, whatever it may be in geometry. A few timely curves and angles in the shape of needful and enlightening digressions may prove later

*Araminta. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.
Fraternity. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Glory of the Conquered. By Susan Glaspell. New York: The Frederick Stokes Company.
The House With No Address. By E. Nesbit. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
Katrine. By Elinor Macartney Lane. New York: Harper and Brothers.
A Resemblance and Other Stories. By Clare Benedict. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Houses of Glass. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield and Company.

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on to have been serviceable short cuts that have saved much valuable time.

In literature and in life also an apparent frantic haste is by no means synonymous with rapid and effective accomplishment. Now and then one meets a man who apparently does not know what the word "hurry" means. Whenever you meet him by appointment or otherwise in his office, at luncheon or in the street he will give you the impression that he has infinite time at your disposal. In conversation, in gesture, in his very gait when he walks, there is the same suggestion of leisurely repose. It is only afterward that you realise that in some subtle, unexplained way that man brought the interview to a close at the precise moment at which he had prearranged to close it; and that he had succeeded in saying more in his own leisurely way and also in making you say more of really definite import than another man all business and alertness and with one eye on the clock might achieve in twice the time.

There are certain books that bear a rather close resemblance to this particular type of leisurely man. To those of us who read as much for the enjoyment of niceties in style and technique as for the excitement of an ingenious plot, a book of this type comes as a grateful relief from the prevailing type of modern novel, which starts in a canter and ends in a steeple chase. Unfortunately for the gentle art of novel making, the spirit of "hustle" which is the prevailing vice of the age has spread its contagion from reality into romance. The older story writers were at liberty to take their own good time, strike their own special gait, pose cheerily along for one, two or three chapters before they deigned to make quite clear what the proposed story was to be about. But the modern reader will have none of this. There must be an abundance of brisk and stirring conversation on the opening page; and he even feels himself somewhat aggrieved if there is not a fair epitome of the plot ingeniously packed away in the opening sentence.

It is this demand for terseness, rapid action and the suggestion of breathless haste that has gradually and inexorably brought about a new type of fiction in America—a type which is a little difficult to define briefly and which, nevertheless, is quite familiar to every reader of the fiction magazines that are known to pay the highest prices for their stories and to have the widest circulation. To stigmatise this type of story "journalistic" is an injustice, for the term unfairly belittles the really admirable technique that so many of our younger writers have acquired. And yet the one quality they all have in common, the one quality that distinguishes them from the novelists of an earlier generation and to some extent from the British novelists of to-day, is the trick of seeing a story from the point of view of the trained newspaper man—the trick of scenting its news value, of catching the public eye in the opening sentence, of putting in just enough spice of sensationalism to hold for an hour the wandering attention of the average modern mind constantly harassed by a thousand other interests. The younger generation of American novelists have had a hard problem to solve and just a few of them are solving it not badly, yet it may be said in all seriousness that the line along which they are working is not that which will produce work of the first order; it is not from this school that we may ever look for a legitimate successor to that long line that embodies the best traditions of the English novel—the line which begins with Richardson and Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray and George Eliot and is still represented to-day by Meredith and Hardy. Fortunately, there are still in England a number of writers who have not yet caught the contagion of haste; writers who refuse to be hurried into the heart of their story and reserve the right to lean back in their easy chairs and expound their story with easy geniality, serene in the conviction that those who care to read them at all are glad to listen to them for their own sakes and not merely from an impatience to learn whether Arabella marries Clarence on page 249 or Algernon on page 250.

Now, of course, in this whole question of speed of narration one's individual preferences depend largely upon an author's personality as well as his method; often, too, it narrows down to a question of

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degree rather than of kind. You may approve the deliberate method of narration and yet find the interminable novels of Fielding frankly boresome; or, on the other hand, you may approve of terseness and rapid movement and yet decidedly object to the gatling-gun effect of the rapid-fire dialogue of an up-to-date popular novel. The first requisite, of course, that a novelist of the first rank must have is a certain charm of personality. He must make his readers love him less for what he says than because it is he who has said it—and what is more, has said it in an inimitable way. Possessing this quality, an author may safely amble on at what gait he will, serene in the assurance that when he lingers the public will gratefully linger with him, that when he quickens his stride they will be equally content to pant happily along beside him.

This whole question of deliberation in fiction was suggested by the various and contradictory opinions that one hears privately expressed by readers of *Araminta,* that new and quite remarkable volume with which Mr. J. C. Snaith has fulfilled the splendid promise already shown in *Broke of Covenden* and *William Jordan, Jr.* Three more completely distinct and sustained moods were probably never shown before by the same author in three successive volumes. *Broke of Covenden* was more than ironical; it was sardonic. *William Jordan, Jr.,* was strangely, almost morbidly neuropathic. *Araminta,* in sharpest contrast to both of these, is purely comedy—the high-class comedy of manners that traces its ancestry straight back through Thackeray to the fountain head of the best English fiction. And it has in common with these earlier models not only their purpose and their spirit, but to a certain extent their method, also, their careful workmanship, their refusal to be hurried or to slur over any details that they regard as of value to the complete understanding of character or of situation. And this is why you will hear on one hand the most unstinted and enthusiastic praise of *Araminta;* and on the other, complaints that it moves too slowly, that there are repetitions in it, that the whole story as a story could have been told in half the space. Well, of course it could. So, for that matter, could *Vanity Fair,* only in that case it would no longer be *Vanity Fair,* but just an average mediocre story with the inimitable touch, the distinctive flavour all gone. We are all devoutly grateful to Thackeray even for his most pronounced mannerisms which dogmatic critics assure us to be bad technique. Let us also thank Heaven in the rush of the twentieth century for an occasional William de Morgan or John Galsworthy, or J. C. Snaith, who likewise refuses to be hurried out of his natural and leisurely gait.

"Araminta"

But, for the very reason that the quality of *Araminta* is so largely a matter of method, it is a peculiarly difficult book to do full justice to within the limits of a brief review. The central idea is not new; it dates back to Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda,* and there may be earlier examples which escape the present reviewer's memory. When Miss Edgeworth conceived the idea of bringing Belinda Portman from her native town on a protracted visit in a fashionable London household, plunging her into the social whirl of a London season and incidentally affording her a chance to establish herself for life by a prudent marriage, she was really employing a formula that under various modifications has since formed the basis of scores of English novels, not excepting the diverting history of Becky Sharp herself. Such also is the briefest possible way of stating the formula of *Araminta.* The formidable old Countess of Crewkerne, noting a falling off in the number of friends who attend upon her days of state, remembers in her old age the existence of a niece, the child of a misguided sister who had had the bad taste to marry a country clergyman and bury herself alive in Slocum Magna. Accordingly, Araminta is sent for; and presently she arrives, a tall young goddess with glorious eyes and hair, a ludicrous drawl and a deliciously frank habit of assuring every one that her name "is Araminta, but that they call her Goose, because she is rather a Sil-lay." Now it happens that in the household of the hawk-like old Countess of Crewkerne there is a wonderful old portrait of one

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of Araminta's ancestresses, painted by Gainsborough—it also happens that but for a slight addition of gold in the hair, the Gainsborough portrait might have been a picture of Araminta herself. There are two elderly beaux, the Earl of Cheriton and George Betterton, who has the advantage of being a duke, both of whom are on terms of intimacy with the old Countess, and whom she proceeds to play off against each other as rivals for the hand of the Slocum Magna niece. But unfortunately for her plans, Cheriton takes it into his head to have a copy of the famous Gainsborough portrait made by a penniless but good-looking young artist, who, discovering Araminta's resemblance to the Gainsborough, decides to copy her instead, and the rest of the story may be briefly epitomised as a comedy of The Girl, The Young Artist and The Two Old Beaux; while the end shows that however much of a Sil-lay Araminta may have been at first, she eventually outgrew the tendency. There is no other contemporary novel with which this new volume of Mr. Snaith's may be compared. The quality and temper of its satire upon the London social life of to-day may most fairly be likened to that of the cartoons which the late George du Maurier used to contribute week after week to the pages of *Punch*. And one cannot read Araminta without thinking what an incomparable illustrator of this volume Du Maurier might have been, and how admirably he could have caught the spirit of it.

"Fraternity"

We are fortunate this month in having also a new volume from Mr. John Galsworthy, entitled *Fraternity*. Mr. Galsworthy does not write comedy; he takes life somewhat too seriously for that. His new volume deals thoughtfully and realistically—in the best sense of the word realism—with the world old question, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Structurally, the book is a remarkable piece of technique. It would be difficult to find anywhere another volume producing with such admirable economy of means a like effect of the complexity and turmoil of modern life. It is a story of London of to-day, dealing especially with the problem of the "submerged tenth," the responsibility of every man and woman for the welfare of those poorer than themselves, and the various means by which help may be most effectively given. You get an impression of the crowded misery of the slums, the ceaseless surge and rush of London streets, the gay whirl of fashionable life, teas and receptions and house-parties, and yet, if you take the trouble to count them up, you will find that there are just fourteen characters with speaking parts, the seven members of the Dallison family on the one hand, the seven inmates of a wretched tenement on the other. There is some fine symbolism in the characters and the relationships of these fourteen people. The two Dallison brothers, Stephen and Hilary, chose for their wives two sisters, daughters of the aged, visionary, half-crazed Professor Stone. Yet no two brothers, no two sisters were ever more fundamentally unlike. Clearly, Mr. Galsworthy would say, blood relationship has nothing whatever to do with the sort of fraternity that he would preach. Furthermore, while all the other characters have a great deal to say theoretically about the ways in which the wrongs of the world should be righted, old Mr. Stone, the visionary prophet-like fanatic, is the only one who in a practical way succeeds in doing any real good without at the same time innocently doing harm. We are all so bound together by mutual ties, Mr. Galsworthy seems to say, that we cannot break the established routine to help Peter without robbing Paul; we cannot, nine-tenths of the time, obey the conventions of our world, and then for one-tenth disregard them that good may come of it. And he chooses for his central thread the well-intentioned impulse of Hilary Dallison to befriend a penniless girl, who for a time sat as model for a picture his wife was painting. His interest in the girl is quite harmless; but on the one side the wife is jealous, friends gossip and sneer; on the other side, there are men in the girl's own class who misconstrue his motives, the girl herself falls in love with him, and a long train of disasters are set in motion entailing crime, misery, and the death of at least one innocent person, all because a

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kind-hearted man chooses to buy shoes, stockings and a new dress for a shivering and friendless girl, and the permanent estrangement and separation of the man and his wife winds up the mordant irony of this powerful and thoughtful volume.

"The Glory of the Conquered"

Another careful and impressive story, *The Glory of the Conquered,* comes to us from a new American writer, Miss Susan Glaspell, who bids fair to be one of the important discoveries of the year. For a first attempt, the book is distinctly remarkable. One regrets that it is marred by a most unsatisfactory and disproportioned ending. This, however, is partly a matter of taste, partly a question of our own inability to understand just what the author was trying to do. Here, however, is the substance of the story, so that each reader may judge for himself. Ernestine Stanley, whose young life has been spoiled by the constant strife between her artist mother and her father, who is wholly given over to science, eventually does what she has always vowed she would not do—repeats her mother's blunder, and marries Karl Hubers, a professor of bacteriology. Ernestine herself is a painter of much promise, and has already had a triumph in the Paris Salon. Karl, although proud of his wife, and ambitious for her, cannot understand the artistic temperament, for he is a man of science to his finger tips, ready to give his life's blood for his work, finding the great joy of living all centred in the wonderful discovery in tuberculosis treatment that he is just on the threshold of completing. And then one day in an unguarded moment, while handling certain germ cultures in his laboratory, he makes the fatal blunder of passing his hand across his eyes. Within twenty-four hours his eyes are acutely inflamed; a day later his suspicions become a horrible conviction; within a week or two he is blind. His great work is at an end. In the prime of manhood, at the outset of his career, all his store of acquired learning has become so much rubbish, his usefulness to the world is over. He takes his affliction morbidly to heart, broods constantly, grows irritable and bitter, loses strength and energy day by day. But Ernestine does not propose to see her husband so easily conquered. To her, there is a double victory in triumphing over such an obstacle as this. Her own career as an artist she puts aside; she goes to her husband's colleagues in the University and asks them how long it would take her, a woman with no scientific training, but with only indomitable energy, and a great love, to fit herself to carry on her husband's work under his direction, serving only as his eyes and hands, while he should give the brain. And the sceptical doctors to whom she appeals, after vainly trying to dissuade her, find themselves won over by her earnestness, her self-sacrifice, her untiring industry. In a surprisingly brief time, when measured by months, she has made herself over. It is as though art for her had never existed; she has forced herself to live and breathe and think in terms of science; she has achieved discoveries in the laboratory that have won the applause of her teachers. And all this time the blind husband at home knows nothing of her work, has no suspicion of the surprise she has in store for him. But on the very day that her studies are over, and she has become duly accredited by the University and ready to enter upon the great work she suffers a temporary breakdown that necessitates a change of air and a brief rest. All this is structurally admirable, quite in line with what would be expected, well-nigh inevitable. But here the book seems to fall off badly and without excuse. The blind husband is stricken with appendicitis, is operated upon in great haste and lives just long enough to open his eyes once more when the wife arrives at his bedside and desperately strives to hold him back to life by pouring her secret into his dying ear. There was, of course, no logical reason why the man should die. But if his death seemed to the author to be the most satisfactory outcome of an involved situation, there were a dozen deaths that would have been structurally more plausible and convincing than that by appendicitis. He might, for instance, have insisted upon returning to his laboratory, and there in his blindness have infected himself with some disease. He might, in his efforts to move around un-

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aided, have stumbled and fallen headlong down the stairs. He might simply have lost his grip on life and faded away, succumbing to the first trifling cold or sore throat. He might have taken the matter into his own hands, and committed suicide. Appendicitis, of course, strikes blindly, and where least expected; but it is in no sense a logical sequence to blindness. And in a book otherwise technically well constructed, this lack of logic is an irritating and serious defect. Furthermore, instead of stopping here, the book is rounded out with a sort of epilogue, depicting Ernestine at first utterly crushed, then gradually awakening from her lethargy to a consciousness that she has a solemn duty before her, and eventually departing to Paris to take up once more her own work as an artist. Now, if the idea were simply that by making herself a famous painter, she would be doing that which would best please the dead husband, and that by thus influencing her he was indirectly achieving glory, although conquered by Death, then the book might have ended satisfactorily with the vague suggestion of the wonderful stride she was making in her art, and the hint of a magnificent future before her. But instead of this, it closes with her return to her home and to the University, and her exhibition of her great work, which proves to be a portrait of her dead husband painted from memory, "as it was just before he went into the silence." And those who had known him, and with the brutal thoughtlessness of modern life, had already half forgotten to hail it as a masterpiece, a thing that no painter had ever before "painted the kind of light which could make a blind man see. For he was blind —the picture told that, but it seemed no one had ever had light quite as understandingly as he had it there." These lines are quoted in the hope that they may convey more meaning to some readers than they do to the present reviewer. Frankly, while the attempted symbolism of the last chapter is obvious enough, it must be regarded as a distinct anticlimax to a book that otherwise is the best American novel of the month.

"The House with no Address"

The House with no Address, by E. Nesbit, is a curiously melodramatic volume to come from the author of *The Incomplete Amorist.* The significance of the title finds its explanation in the peculiarly secluded house in which the heroine, who is a professional dancer, hides herself away from a too inquisitive public, some importunate lovers, and an ex-husband, the house in question being situated in the middle of a group of London houses, with its only windows opening on an inner court, its only entrance through an underground passage from a garage a block away, and its existence utterly unknown even to the London police. The excitement of the story, however, culminates not in the discovery of the house, but in the ghastly scene of a Salome dance, in which the property head of John the Baptist has been smuggled away, and in its place there is handed to the heroine the freshly cut and still dripping head of her own husband, and she finishes the dance without discovering the substitution. As a sheer study in horror, the thing is well done, but it is not the sort of book that can be commended either as good art or healthful reading. E. Nesbit is worthy of better things.

"Katrine"

Katrine, the last book we are destined to have from the pen of the late Elinor Macartney Lane, also deals with a heroine of the footlights. But it may be commended as a pleasantly readable and quite harmless little volume, although not for a moment to be ranked in the same class with this author's *Nancy Stair.* There is nothing especially novel about a singer's possessing all the requisites of great art, excepting temperament and finally having temperament bestowed upon her through a great sorrow; there is nothing very original in having two men love the same girl whether she is a singer or not, and in having their rivalry take the form of a bitter financial feud, each attempting to ruin the other in order to put him out of the running; and lastly, when the Katrine of the title rôle discovers that the man of her own choice loves her after all, she is by no means the first woman to avail herself of a rejected

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suitor's generosity to save her lover, nor the first to choose deliberately to disappoint a Metropolitan audience rather than defer a honeymoon. Nevertheless, although not precisely new, the book, as already said, is distinctly readable.

"A Resemblance and Other Stories"

A Resemblance and Other Stories, by Clare Benedict, is a group of short stories reprinted for the most part from *The Atlantic, Harper's* and *The Century,* and all of them are characterised by the best form of that leisurely quality which in the present article has been called deliberation. There is quite a range of subjects in these admirable stories. There is, for instance, the story of the psychological effect of the tragedy of *Macbeth* upon a man and woman who have never before seen the play and who have gone this particular night, seeking forgetfulness and relief from a haunting remorse, because they, too, feel that they have been responsible for the death of a fellow-creature. Then there is the story called "The End of *Donnelly,*" a triangular situation in which the wife of one of the two men has written a story called *Donnelly,* a story of a woman who is wavering on the brink of an elopement. According to her first draft of the story, it is to end badly, the heroine is to go with her lover, but she is revising this version because her husband disapproves of it, and in spite of the fact that the other man who secretly loves her insists that it is the only really artistic ending. Both husband and lover know that as the story ends so will the real story of the woman who is writing it; and in their struggle to make her decide their respective ways, they know that they are fighting a bitter duel for the possession of the woman herself. But best of all is the story entitled, "His Comrade," which tells how a girl's devotion preserves the sanity of the man she loves. The man is killing himself with overwork; he is writing a preposterous symbolic drama, called *The Epic of Neurosis,* in which the characters are all victims of nervous prostration, and the heroine ends by going mad. The man can talk of nothing else than his play, and night after night the girl listens, but with glowing anxiety, for she sees the direction in which he is drifting. Then comes his first bad breakdown; and the doctor tells her plainly that the case is hopeless unless the man can be made to forget his play, to take long walks every night, with pauses now and then for a wholesome glass of milk, plenty of fresh air, simple amusement, freedom from worry,—but, of course, this is all impossible because the young man lives without relatives in a cheap boarding-house, and there is no one to look out for him, no one to care. It happens, however, that the girl cares, cares a great deal; and because she cares she finds a way. She tells that young man that she, too, is not well, that she has been to the same nerve specialist and has heard dreadful things. She says that she cannot sleep at night, that she cannot put out of her mind one persistent, haunting, fixed idea, a hideous idea, the idea that she is the woman of his play, the woman who went mad. The specialist has said that only one thing will cure her, long walks at night, a glass or two of fresh milk, plenty of innocent amusement, freedom from care and worry, but there is no hope, she cannot go alone and there is no one to go with her. Then the young man has a happy inspiration, he will go with her, he says, though he hates to neglect his play; he will drink milk with her, though he does not like milk; they will have plenty of light amusement and fun and freedom from care, and when she is cured they will be married. And the plan works beautifully, and for two long months they take their nightly walk, the man happy in the belief that he is curing her, and she not quite daring to be happy in the hope that she is curing him. And in the end when the nerve specialist, who has been taken into her confidence, solemnly pronounces them both quite cured, one's only regret is that the man is not allowed to hear the doctor's privately expressed opinion, that she is the most wonderful nurse in cases of neurosis that he has ever had. Miss Benedict unquestionably has great ability as a writer of delicate psychological problems. What she lacks in technique is sure to come with practice, while she starts with the possession of a quality which subtler and more finished

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writers, such as Mrs. Wharton, might well envy, the quality of heart.

Another collection of short stories which ought to delight the connoisseur of fine workmanship is also by a woman who signs herself Helen Mackay, and is entitled *Houses of Glass*. The volume, both in form and contents, is really quite a delight. It is in paper cover, quite in accord with the French model, the name of the author stands above that of the book upon the title page; there is the typical, broad French margin, the typical French absence of quotation marks, the dainty French marginal illustrations, and the equally characteristic table of contents at the end. And when you come to read the contents, made up of stories of Paris, the illusion that you have a French book in your hand is still sustained. Frankly, they are wonderfully well done, these short sketches in the Maupassant manner—although, of course, they are not quite Maupassant in quality, in spite of the easy and fulsome flattery they have already received in certain newspaper reviews. But in spirit and in technique they are admirable, and the woman who could write them deserves to be carefully watched for future work. Here, for instance, is a typical little sketch picturing a young and rather foolish little American bride, who in a spirit of bravado has gone to an apartment belonging to the Duc d'Alonsart:

"Houses of Glass"

"Then, if you did not mean that by coming here like this to meet me," said d'Alonsart, "what did you mean?"

He stood between Laura and the door of a pretty little salon.

She leaned against the wall, farthest from him, afraid for the first time in her twenty years.

The Duke realises that the little American has been merely foolish, but he resents her having made him foolish also and decides to teach her a rather severe lesson. He forces her to sit down at the table, take pen and paper, and write as follows to her husband:

"Dear Bob: I am in an apartment of the Duc d'Alonsart in the Rue de la Boëtie. I do not know what d'Alonsart is going to do with me, but I am afraid to go back to you. Perhaps you will come here for me. D'Alonsart hopes that you will. He would like to tell you some things, but he says you need not hurry, because he is going to teach me a lesson."

"Sign it," said d'Alonsart.

"He will kill you," she cried; "he will come here and kill you."

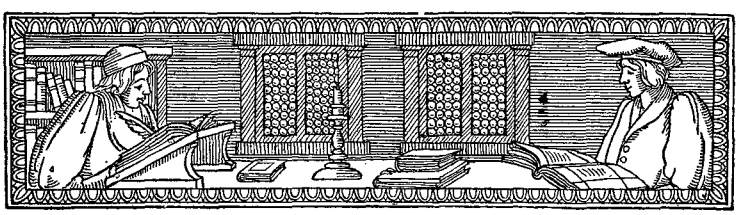
"There are two more short notes for you to write," said d'Alonsart, taking no notice of what she had said, "one to your friend, Miss Molly, and one to a lady, commonly called La Glorieuse. Address that to Beaulieu. To her you need only write a line; say, 'I wonder how *you* began?' To Miss Molly at Cannes, the letter must be a little longer; tell her that those other women are not so very different, after all, you find, and that . . . Dear me, how ugly you are when you cry! I really cannot endure it, you may leave the last two letters until later."

But, of course, the Duke's mood changes, and equally, of course, he does not send the letters. "You thought I would send it? he asks her, you poor, silly, bad child!"

He put it into her hand.

"Take it," he said; "tear it or burn it, you will have to remember it always, every wretched word of it. Now go. For me, I do not care ever to see you again."

Frederic Taber Cooper.



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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The Essex Book and Print Club (Salem, Mass.):

New England's Plantation. With The Sea Journal and Other Writings. By Rev. Francis Higginson, First Minister of the Plantation at Salem in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This was published in London, early in 1630, and gives an account of the colony established by Endecott in 1628 at Neihum-kek, now Salem. It is a facsimile of the rare first edition from a copy in the John Carter Brown Library. There is also a reprint of the third edition, which has much additional matter, from a copy in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The sea journal of the voyage to New England in 1629, copied from the manuscript now preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, is included, together with other writings of Higginson.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More. Sixth Series. (Studies of Religious Dualism.)

This series includes ten essays, all of which will appeal to those with a keen interest in life and human nature. They are chiefly concerned with religion and philosophy. The titles are: "The Forest Philosophy of India," "The Bhagavad Gitâ," "Saint Augustine," "Pascal," "Sir Thomas Browne," "Bunyan," "Rousseau," "Socrates," "The Apology," and "Plato."

The Torch Press (Cedar Rapids, Iowa):

Selections from Fielding.

Wise sayings and favourite passages from the works of Henry Fielding, including his essay on conversation.

VERSE

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Port o' Dreams, and Other Poems. By Edith Pratt Dickens.

A collection of about fifty short poems on various themes.

A. M. Robertson:

A Wine of Wizardry, and Other Poems. By George Sterling.

Besides the title poem, the collection includes about thirty miscellaneous poems.

ART, DRAMA

Brown Brothers (Philadelphia, Pa.):

Swanwhite. By August Strindberg. Translated by Francis J. Ziegler.

A Fairy Drama.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Measure for Measure.

By William Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, Glossary, Lists of Variorum Readings, and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

This edition goes back to, and reproduces, the famous First Folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Shakespeare and His Critics. By Charles F. Johnson, Litt.D.

In this work it has been the author's purpose "to give an outline of the attitude of the English and American literary world toward the plays of William Shakespeare from the seventeenth century to the present time." Dr. Johnson is Professor Emeritus of English Literature at Trinity College, Hartford.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting. By W. Bode. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke.

A new volume in the Library of Art Series. It has been translated from the second revised edition of Dr. Bode's original German work. In this volume the author treats Landscape Painting in Holland, Dutch Still Life, Dutch Genre Pictures, Rembrandt, Van Rijn, Frans Hals, Adriaen Brouwer, Rubens, and Van Dyke. There are thirty-nine reproductions of characteristic paintings.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Mr. Cleveland. A Personal Impression. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

An appreciation of Mr. Grover Cleveland, not as a public personage and a great statesman, but as a retired President and a private citizen, written by one who was privileged to count him as a friend and neighbour. Mr. Williams gives many anecdotes and incidents in Mr. Cleveland's life at Princeton, New Jersey.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Why We Love Lincoln. By James Creelman.

A presentation of the human side of the great American. Mr. Creelman sees, in true perspective, the greatness of Lincoln's character and work—"the divine end" to which all his actions moved.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Sisters of Napoleon: Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. After the Testimony

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of Their Contemporaries. By Joseph Turquan. Translated and edited by W. R. H. Trowbridge.

An account of the lives of Elisa, Pauline and Caroline Bonaparte, and their influence on Napoleon's career.

The Torch Press:

The Life and Times of Anne Royall. By Sarah Harvey Porter, M.A.

Miss Porter has given the biographical facts of Anne Royall's adventurous, and in many ways remarkable, life. Her life-span stretched from George III to the political rise of Abraham Lincoln inclusive. She lived in a most interesting and important formative period of United States history, and during a time when exciting questions, such as "Anti-Masonry," "The United States Bank Fight," "The New West," etc., were burning topics before the country.

Bronson Alcott. By F. B. Sanborn.

An account of his life at Alcott House, England, and Fruitlands, New England.

Hawthorne and His Friends. By F. B. Sanborn.

Reminiscence and Tribute.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Ball Publishing Company:

Fabian Essays in Socialism. By G. Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, William Clarke, Sydney Oliver, Annie Besant, Graham Wallas, and Hubert Bland. Edited by G. Bernard Shaw.

A new edition with a preface by G. Bernard Shaw. The introductory chapter relates to the Fabian Society and Its Work. Following this are essays entitled: "Economic," "Historic," "Industrial," "Moral" (The Basis of Socialism), "Property Under Socialism," "Industry Under Socialism" (The Organisation of Society), "Transition," "The Outlook" (The Transition to Social Democracy).

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The A B C of Taxation. By C. B. Fillerbrown.

The author, who is president of the Masachusetts Single Tax League, has prepared this volume as a guide to enlighten the true principle of Taxation to the landlord, the rent-payer, and the student of economics. He has divided the essays into four groups: Part I, The A B C of Taxation; Part II, Three Boston Object Lessons in Taxation; Part III, Private Property in Land, and Other Essays and Addresses; Part IV, Appendix, which includes articles on "Ethics of the Single Tax," "Its Breadth and Catholicity," "Tolstoy and Henry George," "A Protest Against Unjust Taxation," "Agreement in Political Economy," etc.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Some Assurances of Immortality. By John B. N. Berry.

In this little volume are discussed such topics as "Who and What is God?" "Where is the Soul?" "Man's Immortality," "Spiritism," "Materialisation," "Faith," "Intuition and Conscience," "Prayer," "Love."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Enclycopædia of Religious Knowledge. Volume II, Basilica-Chambers. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief), with the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors), and a Number of Department Editors.

This work is based on the third edition of the Realencyklopadia founded by J. J. Herzog, and edited by Albert Hauck. It embraces biblical, historical, doctrinal, and practical theology, and biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical biography from the earliest times to the present day. The purpose of this work is to place in the hands of clerical and lay students of all classes and degrees of learning the fruits of modern interpretation. The work will be complete in twelve volumes.

Parsimony in Nutrition. By Sir James Crichton-Browne.

In this volume Sir James Crichton-Browne, the eminent English authority, discusses the timely topic of what and how much the normal human being ought to eat. His main theme is the recent theories put forth by Mr. Horace Fletcher and Professor Chittendon, of Yale, with whom he is not in agreement. Frugality in nutrition, to his mind, is utterly opposed to the experience of the human race.

The Macmillan Company:

Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief. By R. M. Wenley, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan.

In the plainest fashion Professor Wenley states the most recent conclusions of scientific research as they bear on religion, the findings of history as applied to the Old Testament, the results of the histro-critical method of studying the New Testament. The eight chapters in this volume are known as The Baldwin Lectures, 1909. The titles are "Sheaves on the Threshing-Floor," "The Waters of Meribah," "Breaches of the House," "Humiliation in the Midst," "The Pre-established Discord," "The Adjournment of Well-Being," "The Penumbra of Belief," and "The Valley of Blessing."

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The Government of European Cities. By William Bennett Munro, Ph.D., LL.B.

The author, a Professor of Government in Harvard University, purposes to explain, in a general way, the structure and functions of city government in France, Germany and England, contrasting these wherever they can appropriately be compared, with the structure and functions of city government in the United States. He describes who the city authorities are, how they are chosen, what they do, and how they do it, devoting considerable attention to the relations of the civic and State authorities in each of these countries.

What Is Pragmatism? By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D.

Throughout the book the author's first endeavour has been to give a just and sympathetic presentation of the chief doctrines of Pragmatism, and then to analyse each of them in turn so that its exact meaning may become perfectly clear even to the non-technical reader. Finally he has sought to show the bearings of these pragmatic principles upon the great questions of the nature of man and the religious view of the universe. The reader is thus enabled to see exactly what this new philosophy means and what it involves, to understand the position of its opponents, and to judge for himself between them.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Nervousness. A Brief and Popular Review of the Moral Treatment of Disordered Nerves. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

The author's point is the modern truism that "a disease due to the imagination is not necessarily an imaginary disease," but may be a very real and even a very painful disease, and he rapidly reviews the whole field of the disordered nerves of to-day, their causes, their manifestations, and their cure.

Privately Published (San Jose, Cal.):

The Life and Death of Diet. By Dr. Axel Emil Gibson.

Treated in three parts: "The Meaning of Health," "Modes of Self-Destruction," "Modes of Reconstruction."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town. A Systematic Account of Experiments and Reflections Designed to Determine the Proper Relationship Between the Minister and the Doctor in the Light of Modern Needs. By Lyman P. Powell.

Dr. Powell treats of his own experiences in Christian healing, illustrated fully by the history of many cases of various diseases, nervous and other. The book has a double appeal—to the general public who are interested in learning about the Emmanuel methods for the sake of putting them in practice or from a general interest in the subject, and to the clergyman or other person, who desires to help the sick in accordance with the Emmanuel precedents. Mr. Powell opens his book with a brief and lucid statement of the aims and methods, and limitations and actual accomplishment of the movement inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester of Boston.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Christian Doctrine of God. By William Newton Clarke, D.D.

A new volume in the International Theological Library. It is an attempt to present the Christian conception of God, His character and His relations, especially His relations with men. Professor Clarke shows the view of God for which Christianity stands responsible, the doctrines grounded in Christian revelation, developed in history and then restated once more in the presence of modern knowledge.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

New Light on Ancient Egypt. By G. Maspero. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Lee.

In which is set forth, in a manner designed to interest the general public, a record of the progress of Egyptology from 1893 to 1907. The author states that he has drawn his material from everything that can be discussed with educated people without demanding anything more than a little attention: excavations, religion, literature, history, and popular customs. The volume is illustrated.

Cassell and Company, Ltd.:

Every-day Japan. Written After Twenty-five Years' Residence and Work in the Country. By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. Introduction by Count Hayashi.

An account of Japan as seen by the author during the course of his busy life there. Count Hayashi expresses the opinion that this volume, the work of one who has been a resident of the country for a quarter of a century, with every opportunity for study and observation, will be very helpful to those readers who are desirous of forming a sound and correct judgment on the problems that are arising, and that may arise in the Far East. The book is illustrated with eight plates in colour and ninety-six reproductions from photographs.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Wild Life on the Rockies. By Enos A. Mills.

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Telling of the exciting adventures with snowslides, wild beasts, and wild weather; of the forests and the animal life of the Rockies; of the beauties of the mountains themselves and the delights of camping among them. One of the chapters gives the authentic and interesting autobiography of a thousand-year-old pine which Mr. Mills deciphered from a careful dissection of its fallen trunk; another tells of the habits of the beaver and his usefulness in regulating the flow of rivers. The book is illustrated from photographs by Mr. Mills.

Through Welsh Doorways. By Jeannette Marks.

Short stories depicting the quaint and picturesque life of the people of Wales and including much of the folklore of the country. The stories are by one who has spent much time in remote parts of Wales and knows the country and the life of its people with peculiar intimacy.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

A British Officer in the Balkans. By Major Percy E. Henderson. ("Selim") Late of the Indian Army.

The account of a journey through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey in Austria, Magyarland, Bosnia, and Hercegovina.

Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier. A Record of Sixteen Years' Close Intercourse with the Natives of the Indian Marches. By T. L. Pennell, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G.

The author is a medical missionary in charge of a medical mission station at Bannu, in the Northwest Frontier of India. Mr. Roberts, in his introduction, writes that Dr. Pennell's mission has been to preach, to heal, and to save, and that in his long and intimate intercourse with the tribesmen, as recounted in these pages, he throws many new and interesting sidelights on the domestic and social, as well as the moral and religious aspects of their lives and characters. The proceeds of the sale of this book are to be devoted to the building of a hospital and carrying on the medical mission work at Thal.

Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia. By M. E. Hume-Griffith.

An account of an Englishwoman's eight years' residence among the women of the East. With narratives of experiences in both countries.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Mexican Trails. A Record of Travel in Mexico, 1904-07, and a Glimpse at the Life of the Mexican Indian. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

An account of what is loveliest, most picturesque, and most interesting, historically, and from other points of view in Mexico. It is a result of a three years' residence in the country, and of long horseback tours over a large part of the Republic. There are twenty-five full-page illustrations.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

France Since Waterloo. By W. Grinton Berry, M.A.

A sketch of French history during the confused and troubled period of the nineteenth century, and an interesting picture of conditions in France at the present moment. In the preface the author says: "I have been particularly careful not to overload the narrative with details, while at the same time I have endeavoured to set forth accurately the facts necessary for the understanding of what has really happened in France since Waterloo."

EDUCATIONAL

D. Appleton and Company:

Modern Educators and Their Ideals. By Tadasu Misawa, Ph.D.

A volume which will appeal to parents interested in the education of their children, as well as teachers and students of pedagogy. The author's aim is "to give a general idea of the educational views of great philosophers and reformers in modern times, which form the basis for the present-day education in its ideals and practice."

Ginn and Company:

Plant Study. With Directions for Laboratory and Field Work. By W. H. D. Meier.

The book is divided into pages devoted to a study of the fundamental principles of plant forms and their classification, with space left for drawings. Extra ruled sheets are provided for notes. There are also pages for the description, clasification, and preservation of specimens. The pages are set in the new patent Biflex Binder.

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1908. Volume I.

Treating of the educational history of the year which the report covers, with reference not only to our own country but also the Spanish-American countries, Great Britain and Ireland, France, and Central Europe. Volume II will consist chiefly of statistical matter.

Henry Holt and Company:

German Stories. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by George M. Baker, Ph.D.

Containing eight short stories.

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Teachers College, Columbia University:

English Grammar Schools in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By A. Monroe Stowe.

With chapters on Foundation and Support, Government of the Grammar Schools, The Teaching Staff of the Grammar School, Grammar School Curricula, Grammar School Pupils.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Raven. The Love Story of Edgar Allan Poe. ('Twixt Fact and Fancy.) By George Hazelton.

Mr. Hazelton has based his story on Poe's life as the adopted son of John Allan, of Richmond; his weird, beautiful wooing of Virginia Clemm; his madness at her death; his love for Helen Whitman; and his tragic end.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Trolley Folly. By Henry Wallace Phillips.

Eleven short stories. The first is one in which Jimmie, a street railway motorman, inherits five thousand dollars. Tired of running his car along the same line every day, Jimmie suggests to the conductor that they take the old car and run it to suit themselves, along any roads they take a fancy to, casually remarking that "if we get our jobs excused away from us, we c'n lean up against that five thousand until we are rested." They carry out their plan, which ends rather disastrously for the car.

Infatuation. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Phyllis Ladd, the daughter of a wealthy man in a small Western town, is invited by an aunt to spend a season at Washington, the aunt's purpose being to see that Phyllis should marry some one high up in the social ranks at the capital. In a short time her engagement to one of the elite of Washington is announced. But, much to the annoyance of the aunt, Phyllis decides that J. Whitlock Pastor is not the man she wants to marry and does not hesitate to break the engagement. Her engagement to the Baron von Piller meets a like fate. She then returns to Carthage and resumes her duties in her father's home. After attending the *matinée* a couple of times and enjoying the play in which Cyril Adair is the star, and with whom she is infatuated, she and the actor become friends. Several clandestine meetings take place, which are discovered by the girl's father, and then their elopement follows. From her life of ease and luxury Phyllis's love carries her into one of trial and poverty. After a long struggle she is rewarded by seeing her husband develop into the man she would have him, and becoming one of the leaders of his profession, all of which is crowned by a reconciliation with Phyllis's father.

The Century Company:

Old Lady Number 31. By Louise Forsslund.

The devoted old couple, Abe and Angy, unable to maintain themselves longer upon their own resources, decide to sell their belongings at auction, hoping to realise two hundred dollars, an amount sufficient to insure for one a place in the Old Ladies' Home, and for the other a place in the Old Men's Home. When the reckoning came, however, there was but one hundred dollars and two cents. After much discussion, each wanting to be the one to make the sacrifice, it was decided that Angy should go to the Home, and that Abe would have to enter the County Poorhouse. Sorrowfully old Abe escorts Angy to the Home, and while the fond couple are bidding each other good-bye, the thirty inmates are deciding to take the old man too. Without realising exactly how it happened he finds himself the guest of thirty "women-folks" and had no doubt that he should be called "Old Gal Thirty-one." They, however, adopt him as Brother Abe, and the story goes on to tell of the peaceful life at the Home, and how, when the old couple come into a small fortune derived from the sale of some mining stock, long considered worthless, they decide to turn the money over to the directors of the Home and to continue their lives there instead of going back to a lonely life in their old place.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

The Preshus Child. By Belle Travers McCahan.

Mr. Harlan and his grandson Harold are passengers on a train on which it is found that a little baby has been mysteriously left. Unwilling to see the little thing left unprotected, Mr. Harlan makes himself her guardian. She is sent to the country and placed under the care of Aunt Barbara and her brother Simeon. Here the Preshus Child, as they have nicknamed the baby, leads a very happy life, and it is not until she has grown to womanhood that she discovers that she really belongs to a fine Southern family. At the death of his grandfather Harold finds that the Preshus Child, whom up to that time he had never met, becomes his ward. When they do meet, it is to fall in love, and although Harold has rather a hard fight, owing to the girl's pride, he eventually wins her.

Lady Dean's Daughter, or The Confession of a Dying Woman. By J. Noot.

A tale of a wife's horrible plans for revenge upon a husband who had de-

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serted her owing to a misunderstanding, and how they reacted upon five lives, and wrecked them.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Climbing Doom. By Laurence Ditto Young.

A German scientist, *en route* for South America for the purpose of exploring some mines believed to contain valuable minerals, is joined by a party of Americans. After landing at Caldera they meet a native, whom they engage in conversation. The scientist finds that the native has in his possession an emerald of great value, which he takes from him in exchange for a goat. Renza tells him that the stone came from a place up in the mountains called the Cloud City. He also warns the party that in order to reach it they must go through the Pass of the Climbing Doom, out of which he declared no man ever came alive. They decide to take the risk and start out on their uncertain journey. As they made their way through the Pass they found the place strewn with the skeletons of those who had perished there by what the scientist discovered to be the poisonous sting of the Andean Rock Ant which infested the place. They escaped by keeping fires burning constantly, and finally reached the end of the Pass only to be taken prisoners and thus led into the Cloud City. Here they met with strange people and strange adventures.

The Lonesome Trail. By B. M. Bower. (B. M. Sinclair.)

Consisting of seven short stories dealing with the wild life in the far West. Besides the title story the volume includes "First Aid to Cupid," "When the Cook Fell Ill," "The Lamb," "The Spirit of the Range," "The Reveler," and "The Unheavenly Twins."

The City of Splendid Night. By John W. Harding.

A tale depicting various phases of life in New York. The chief theme is the process through which one of the characters, a young author, and his wife, from whom he had been separated for years, are reunited.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Romance of the French Revolution. Lenotre. (Brentano.) $6.00.
2. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.
3. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
4. Manners for the Metropolis. Crowninshield. (Appleton.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Royal End. Harland. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Mr. Cleveland. Williams. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Peace and Happiness. Avebury. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. My Story. Hall Caine. (Appleton.) $2.06.
3. New Light on Ancient Egypt. Maspero. (Appleton.) $4.00.
4. Christian Science. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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2. Bridge Builders. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
2. The Explorer. Maugham. (Baker, Taylor.) $1.50.
3. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Twilight Consciousness. Daniel. (Huddleston.) $1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
5. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Famous Hymns. Sutherland. (Stokes.) $1.20.
3. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Gift of Influence. Black. (Revell.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Heroes Every Child Should Know. Mabie. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
4. Three Brothers. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Cy. Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Friendly Craft. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
2. Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. As Others See Us. Brooks. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. A Full-back Afloat. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Card Club Record. (Brewer, Barse.) $1.00.
3. Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Billy Whisker's Vacation. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse.) 75 cents.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. Conquest of the Great Northwest. Laut. (Outing.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. The Gentlest Art. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. The Story Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) $1.00.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Patty Fairfield. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Sheldon Univ. Press.) 15 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. An Old-Fashioned Girl. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. At Large. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Jesus and the Gospels. Denney. (Armstrong.) $2.00.
3. Beliefs of Unbelief. Fitchett. (Eaton & Mains.) $1.25.
4. The Atonement. Stalker. (Armstrong.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Actress. Hale. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Infatuation. Osbourne. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. The Gentlest Art. Lucas. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Knack of It. Loomis. (Revell.) $1.00.
4. The Power of Silence. Dresser. (Putnam.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Raggedy Man. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. English Literature. Garnett and Gosse. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $12.00.
2. Dictionary of the Bible. Hastings. (Scribner.) $5.00.
3. Beauties of Friendship. Woollard. (Goldsmith-Woollard.) 50 cents.
4. The Young King. Wilde. (Mosher.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. In the Valley of the Shadows. Woolwine. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Mission Tales. Forbes. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. California Fruits. Wickson. (Knickenberg.) $3.00.
3. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Bear Family at Home. Wilbur. (Neuner Co.) $1.00.
3. Harper's Electricity Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) $1.75.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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6. Friendship Village. Gale. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. True Manhood. Gibbons. (McClurg.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Carl Schurz Reminiscences. (Doubleday, Page.) $9.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Life of Abraham Lincoln. Moore. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
2. The Delafield Affair. Kelly. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Gypsy Smith's Life. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Speaking Voice. Everts. (Harper.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Fritzi. Daulton. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Princess and Curdie. MacDonald. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. Cornwallis-West. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Every Man a King. Morden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
4. Varieties of Religious Experience. James. (Longmans.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. How It Is Done. Williams. (Nelson.) $1.25.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Making the Most of Ourselves. Wilson. (McClurg.) $1.00.
3. The Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Future Life. Elbe. (McClurg.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Under the Great Bear. Munroe. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Five Little Peppers in the Little Brown House. Finlay. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

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6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Story Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) $1.75.
2. The Resurrection. Orr. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Friendship Village. Gale. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. As The Hague Ordains. Scidmore. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Story of My Life. Terry. (Doubleday, Page.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
4. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Other Man's Wife. Richardson. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
6. David Bran. Roberts. (Page.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) $12.50.
2. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
3. Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Opera Goer's Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Ring and the Man. Brady. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Journal of a Neglected Wife. Urner. (Dodge.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Electrical Engineer's Pocket-Book. Foster. (Van Nostrand.) $5.00.
2. Mr. Cleveland. Williams. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
3. Nervousness. Schofield. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.
4. Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book. Kent. (Wiley.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Boy Forty-Niners. McNeil. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. Defending His Flag. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Prince of Dreamers. Steel. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Improper Prue. Manning. (Dodge.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Teacher. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Later Years of Catherine De Medici. Sichel. (Dutton.) $3.00.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Heretics. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50
3. Full Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Gill's Dictionary of Chinook. Gill. (Gill.) 50 cents.
2. Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel. Chittenden. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Bridge Builders. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Le College sur la Colline. D'Arles. (de Rudeval.) 50 cents.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. New Ideals in Healing. Baker. (Stokes.) 85 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Miss Evangeline. Raymond. (Penn) $1.25.
2. Wreck of Ocean Queen. Otis. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Four Boys in Land of Cotton. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. De Quibus. Taylor. (Bell Book and Stationery Co.) $1.50.
3. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Royall's Reminiscences. Royall. (Neale.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Centruy Co.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.
2. The Church of To-day. Crooker. (Pilgrim Press.) 75 cents.
3. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Jermina Puddle Duck. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Art of Living in Good Health. Sager. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Health and Happiness. Fellows. (McClurg.) $1.25.
4. The Speaking Voice. Everts. (Harper.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Full Back Afloat. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fiction

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Gypsy Smith's Life. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Minnesota. Folwell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
2. Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
3. Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Friend. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Egypt. Cromer. (Macmillan.) $6.00.

Juveniles

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
4. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Ibsen Plays.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. Longfellow's Poems.
4. Works of Maeterlinck.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Briggs.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Frowde.) $1.25.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
5. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
6. Waters of Jordan. Vachell. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Sir Isaac Brack. Nursey. (Briggs.) 85 cents.
2. My African Journey. Churchill. (Hodder & Houghton.) $1.50.
3. Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist. Chapman. (Appleton.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) $1.50.
3. Hand Book of Birds. Chapman. (Appleton.) $3.00.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) $1.00.
3. Hans Brinker. Dodge. (Burt.) $1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. A Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Sidney at College. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	235
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50	176
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50	164
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	149
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	102
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) $1.50	89

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY
OF NEW NOVELS COMPILED FROM MAY LISTS

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Peter	8
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	8
54-40 or Fight	8
Septimus	7
The Red Mouse	4
Joshua Craig	4
The Climber	3
Comrades	2
Katrine	2
The Man in Lower Ten	2
The Missioner	2
The Clansman	1
Tono Bungay	1
The King of Arcadia	1
The Message	1
The Bronze Bell	1
Friendship Village	1
Waters of Jordan	1
Princess Zara	1
Open House	1
The Music Master	1
The Message	1
The Web of the Golden Spider	1
Lewis Rand	1
The Red City	1

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
The Man in Lower Ten	8
Septimus	6
Peter	5
Perfume of the Lady in Black	5
Katrine	5
54-40 or Fight	5
The Bronze Bell	4
Special Messenger	3
Loaded Dice	3
The Story of Thyrza	3
Tono Bungay	2
The Message	2
The Red Mouse	2
Princess Zara	2
Anne of Green Gables	2
Catherine's Child	2
Simeon Tetlow's Shadow	2
Trail of the Lonesome Pine	2
The Royal End	1
The Chippendales	1
Kingsmead	1
Araminta	1
The King of Arcadia	1
Journal of a Neglected Wife	1
The Web of the Golden Spider	1
A Prince of Dreamers	1
The Climber	1
The Ring and the Man	1
Three Brothers	1
The Spell	1
David Bran	1
Lewis Rand	1

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
54-40 or Fight	8
Septimus	4
Peter	4
Katrine	4
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	4
Comrades	3
The Red Mouse	2
Miss Minerva	2
The Lady of the Decoration	2
The Man in Lower Ten	2
The Bronze Bell	2
Open House	1
The Explorer	1
The Spell	1
Joshua Craig	1
The Princess Zara	1
Lewis Rand	1
The Circular Staircase	1
Kincaid's Battery	1
Special Messenger	1
Wild Geese	1
The Missioner	1

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO

	NO. LISTS
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	9
54-40 or Fight	8
Septimus	7
Peter	7
Loaded Dice	3
The Man from Brodney's	2
Miss Minerva	2
Joshua Craig	2
The Story of Thyrza	2
The Message	2
The Red Mouse	2
The Man in Lower Ten	2
A Little Brother of the Rich	1
Comrades	1
Katrine	1
Simeon Tetlow's Shadow	1
The Web of the Golden Spider	1
The Actress	1
The Perfume of the Lady in Black	1
Infatuation	1
The Spell	1
The Missioner	1
In the Valley of the Shadow	1
Mission Tales	1
The Master of the Inn	1
The Lure of the Mask	1
Anne of Green Gables	1
The Climber	1
Catherine's Child	1

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY—*Continued*

SOME POPULAR JUVENILES

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco
The Hole Book	Mary Ware	The Hole Book	Mary Ware
Anne of Green Gables	Betty Wales	Wind in the Willows	Patty's Friend
Life of Lincoln	Forward Pass	Under the Great Bear	The Hole Book
Sunnyfield	The Hole Book	Mary Ware	The House that Glue Built
Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz	Anne of Green Gables	Peter Rabbit	Forward Pass

SOME OF THE BOOKS—NON FICTION—THAT HAVE BEEN CALLED FOR

NORTH Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, and Toronto	EAST New York City, Albany, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Providence, Pittsburg, Rochester, Washington, and Worcester	SOUTH Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, New Orleans, Norfolk, and Richmond	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Omaha, St. Louis, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and Toledo
Religion and Medicine	Mr. Cleveland	Religion and Medicine	The Perfect Tribute
Gypsy Smith's Life	A Perfect Tribute	Care and Feeding of Children	Religion and Medicine
The Teacher	Greatness and Decline of Rome	At Large	Gardening in California
Alaska	My Story	Twilight Consciousness	Art of Living in Good Health
Life of Sir Isaac Brack	Religion and Medicine	Making the Most of Ourselves	Orthodoxy
The Spell of the Yukon	Alice Freeman Palmer	De Quibus	Alice Freeman Palmer

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

IRVING BACHELLER

Author of *The Hand-made Gentleman*

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BEATA BEATRIX

The model was Dante Rossetti's wife, who committed suicide. The favourite Swinburnian type of woman

(See article *Swinburne and the Swinburnians*)

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